

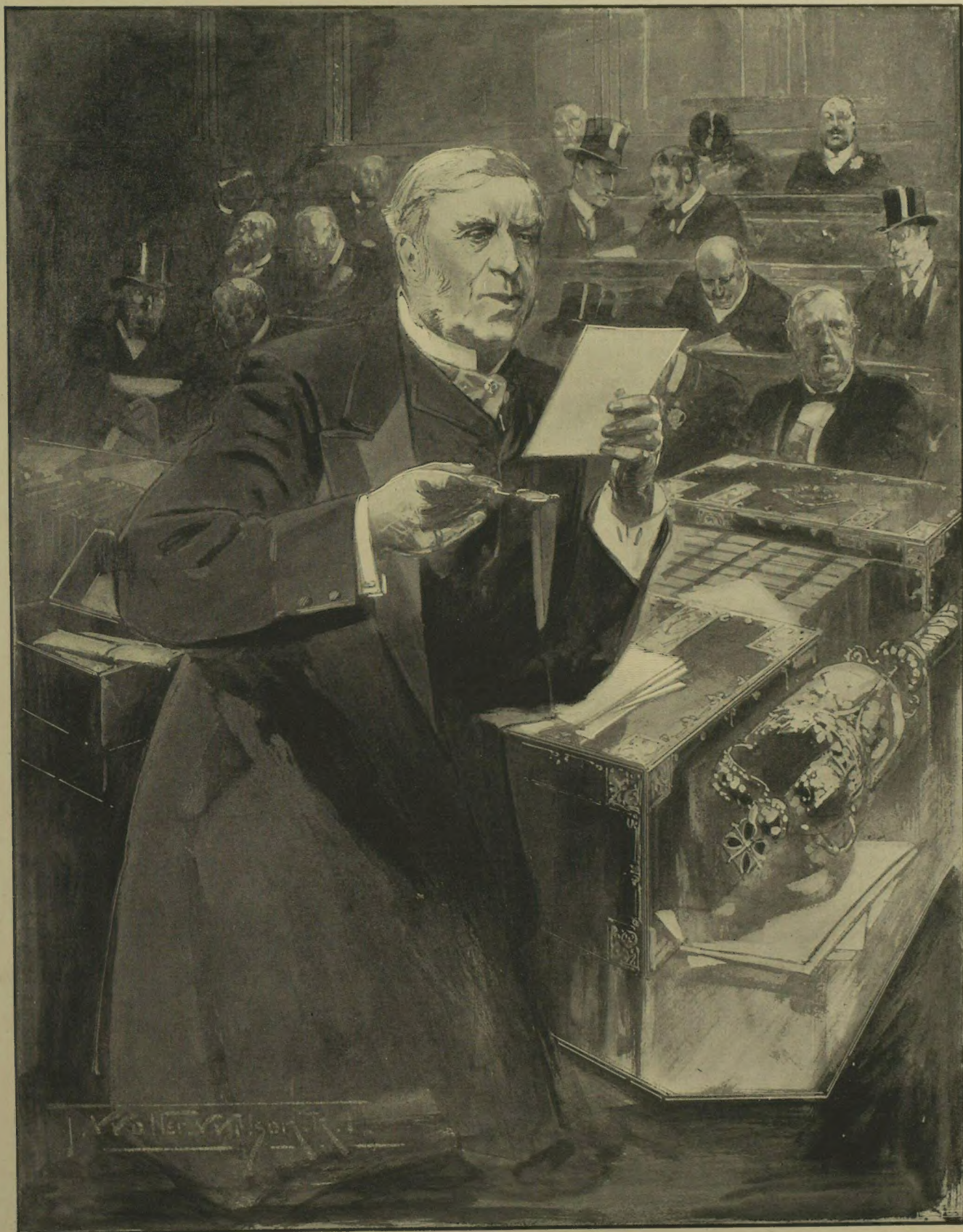
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



PARLIAMENT AND THE NAVAL ESTIMATES: MR. GOSCHEN PROPOSING THE SUPPLEMENTAL VOTE OF £5,612,000, JULY 22.

"I can assure the Committee that in proposing this programme we have done no more than, but we have done as much as we feel to be absolutely our duty in the circumstances."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

We pride ourselves upon the sacredness of human life under modern law, and it may be that civilised mankind has attained the highest ideal of humanity that the imperfections of this mortal coil will permit us to reach. But how we revel in tales of blood and rapine! It has been suggested that much crime in London may be traced to the influence of the "penny dreadful." A common sight in our streets is a baker's boy working a small cart with treadles, and absorbed in the minute print of a thrilling romance. There he goes, with his innocent white loaves behind him, and a philosopher at your elbow remarks: "Looks as if he might be smashed at any moment in the traffic, doesn't it? But he won't. Penal servitude is waiting for him! He's stuffing his head with tales of highwaymen, and he'll be convicted some day of robbery with violence!" If this is what fiction is doing for the youthful distributors of our daily bread, what is the effect of the six-shilling "dreadful" upon more mature readers! I own to the fascination of romances in which pistolling and stabbing are pretty frequent. Cut-throats keep me out of bed, however slight the literary merit of their performances. I have waded through so much gore since boyhood that if there be anything in this theory of the pernicious influence of "dreadfuls" at a penny and upwards, I ought to have dangled at a rope's end long ago. This is true, I suspect, of most readers; indeed, the being who used to be addressed as "gentle reader" by old-fashioned romancers, and adjured not to let his tender heart flutter too wildly with alarm, for all would be well in the next chapter but one, is no better than a carnivorous monster batten on chronicles of imaginary horrors.

If not, why have I sat up half the night with the author of "The Yellow Danger," which is no less than the history of the conquest of Europe by the Chinese hordes, whose coming was predicted by the late Professor Charles Pearson? The entire population of China, drilled by a great organising genius, compared to whom Napoleon was a pigmy, is hurled upon the nations of the West, who are already weakened by a general war. Four hundred million butchers overrun Europe to the Straits of Dover. In the act of massacre they utter a peculiar "screan," quaintly modulated according to the particular mode of killing in favour at the moment. This is carefully described in phonetic detail. Everything looks black, or rather yellow, for the world, until the final tussle between the Chinese Napoleon and the British Nelson, a young gentleman from Hampshire, who discomfits the flotilla which is making for our shores with twenty million Chinamen. You have heard of armies of invaders numbering hundreds of thousands; but think of twenty million pigtailed fluttering in the Channel breeze! They are conveyed by Japanese warships, which are sent to the bottom by a timely concentration of torpedoes, and then the British genius takes the burges full of pigtailed in tow and sinks them all in the Maelstrom. Some feeble leader-writers in London protest against this as a crime; but, nothing daunted, he inoculates some prisoners with plague-germs, sends them adrift, and causes an epidemic which carries off a hundred and fifty million more. By this time the Continent is not salubrious; all the original inhabitants are dead, and another hundred millions or so of Chinese have to be destroyed by the British army under the command of Lord Wolseley. The survivors are sent back to the Yang-tse-Kiang, and as most of Europe is depopulated, it is annexed by England—France, Germany, and Russia ceasing to be anything more than geographical expressions.

Is it not worth while to sit up all night with such a magnificent welter as this? But now comes a dread. When you have been in at the death of about six hundred millions, say half the human race, how can you take any interest in the paltry butcheries of the average "dreadful"? Already I am bored by the familiar criminals, historic and legendary. What a trifle was Nero! What a wretchedly tame exercise in blood-spilling was the Massacre of St. Bartholomew! I yawn over the anæmic villainies in decorative covers which are sent to me by publishers. Ah! happy treading baker's boy! You don't know what it is to have exhausted the possibilities of atrocity! Is there no novelist who will console me by finishing off the other half of the human race? But that would mean only one more book, one more sensation, and then a plunge into humanitarian chaos.

Surprise has been excited by the levity of the Austrian Prime Minister. At a grave crisis in public affairs he is seen in the act of throwing *confetti* in the streets. This kind of warfare must be more congenial to him than debates in the Reichsrath. In this country Parliamentary procedure is varied by cricket-matches and steeplechases. A desperate Radical, intent on the abolition of the House of Lords, is quite happy meanwhile if he can take a poor's wicket. Opposition journals do not hold a Minister up to odium because he is on the golf-links when he ought to be at a Cabinet Council. In one daily paper, from which I imbibe stimulating ideas on public questions, I find, in the very spot where I look for denunciation of intolerable abuses, an editorial announcement that two esteemed correspondents are about to go trout-fishing for a wager,

one fishing with a "dry fly" and the other with a "wet fly," and that a well-known capitalist has lent his trout-stream for the match. If it is indecorous for a Prime Minister to throw *confetti*, what are we to say to a leader of democratic opinion who, at the very moment when the nation is invited to meet a serious emergency by spending more millions on the Navy, devotes valuable space in his journal to this competition of water-flies? Perhaps there is some political symbolism in the contest, for the "dry fly" is a Radical and the "wet fly" is a Tory, and the trout, it may be, are electors. But I prefer to regard the episode as a pleasing illustration of the unbending of great minds. A rural blacksmith, whose acquaintance I made lately, has painted over his forge this declaration of faith: "Horses sho'd here on the most approved principles." A cynical friend of mine who heard of this suggested that over the door of the House of Commons ought to be inscribed, "Axes ground here on no principles whatever." I reproved his flippancy, and said that politicians who went angling in the pure spirit of enthusiasm for their favourite flies rose above the aspersions of a sordid world.

I am troubled a good deal by cynics. Another of them writes: "Have you heard of the professional bridesmaid? She is said to be a lovely and accomplished creature, who is liberally paid (to say nothing of the usual brooch, the gift of the bridegroom) to attend weddings which are conducted in the most showmanlike manner. The wedding guests, as you may know (probably you don't, being such an innocent!), are often supplied by a caterer who undertakes (see advertisement) to put the bloom of fashion on the most prosaic nuptials. All the same, I don't believe in the professional bridesmaid unless she is plain! Do you imagine (credulous as you are) that a fond mother will let her daughter be eclipsed by bridesmaids who are better looking than herself? Sir, I have sisters, six of them, all married, and I well remember that when I proposed, with a brother's freedom, that certain girls, for whose looks I (as a connoisseur) was prepared to vouch, should be invited to act as bridesmaids, I was overruled in every case! You see, I was disinterested; all I cared for was the spectacular effect; but my candidates were vetoed because my mother frankly said (frankness is strong in our family) that she would not have the attention of the people at the church distracted from her daughters. Then she described an unfortunate incident at a wedding, where the bridegroom's wealthy uncle, who had never seen the bride, arrived late, and rushing up to a bridesmaid, exclaimed: 'I know you are my new niece because you are the prettiest woman here!' Depend upon it that no careful mother is going to run a risk like that!"

Another letter on the subject of weddings is written, I am glad to say, in a very different strain. "Will you be so good as to plead in the 'Note Book' for the old-fashioned wedding-breakfast? It is the custom now to give what is called 'a reception' after the ceremony, and this means no breakfast—only refreshments at a buffet, which might be the counter of a railway restaurant. We used to sit down to a comfortable meal, drink the bride's health, and listen to the bridegroom's speech, generally lame, but sustained by genuine emotion. Then the bride cut the cake—a rite which had tremendous earnestness for the youngsters at the table. But now everybody stands at the counter and snatches food as if we were all in a hurry to catch a train; and you expect to hear a waiter call, 'A glass of champagne and a sandwich, please, Miss,' to a ruddy-haired damsel behind the bar! And there are no speeches—no speeches—think of that! The bridegroom, who ought to be nervously fingering breadcrumbs, thinking of the response he has to make presently, when he will use the momentous words 'my wife' for the first time in public, is skipping about in the most frivolous way; while the bride chatters carelessly as if she were at a tennis-match! The whole affair is a scandalous scramble, characteristic of the spirit of the age. Some day, I suppose, a wedding will be solemnised (!) in a motor-car on the way to the station! I am glad to think that, when that happens, I shall be lying under a mouldering headstone!"

A French journalist who has been discussing the ways of London complains that we are not artists in love, in music, or in cookery. The love and the music do not seem to disturb him greatly, but upon the cookery he pours out his soul. Strawberries and cream he approves; white-bait also receives his distinguished consideration; but he shudders at the salad-dressing, and the roast lamb and mint-sauce reduce him to marks of exclamation. Salad-dressing, I believe, has sometimes been mistaken by Parisians for an article of the toilette—not of diet. This is no offence to our national pride; and if a dispute about cookery should ever embroil the English and French, it is not for salad-dressing that we shall go to war. But sneers at our roast lamb and mint-sauce may increase the difficulties of statesmanship. Beef and beer drew the bow at Agincourt; lamb and mint-sauce, if not the fuel of our naval heroism, would certainly swell the hearts of our Volunteers if it came to a tussle with invaders on Brighton Downs at this season of the year. The French journalist does not understand that mint-sauce gives an edge to valour. For the sake of his country, may he never see this put to a practical test!

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, was visited on Friday afternoon by the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, who stayed there as her guests. On Saturday the Queen, with Princess Henry of Battenberg, in the royal yacht *Alberta* went out to H.M.S. *Blonde*, which lay moored in the bay; and the Princess went on board that ship, received by Commander Peyton Hoskins with the other officers, and viewed the cabin in which her husband died on his voyage, ill of fever, returning home from the Ashanti War on the West African coast. The officers of the *Blonde* were introduced to her Majesty; they afterwards came ashore, were entertained at Osborne, and with a party of the seamen who knew the lamented Prince, visited his tomb in Whippingham Church.

The Prince of Wales at Marlborough House has been making satisfactory progress, under the care of the surgeons, Sir William MacCormac and Sir Francis Laking, in the cure of his left leg since the accident that fractured the knee-pan at Waddesdon Manor. His Royal Highness has been constantly accompanied by the Princess of Wales. By means of the electrophone in his chamber he has been enabled to hear, in the evenings, the performances at the Opera and at several of the London theatres, and on Sunday morning the service at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, and the Rev. Canon Fleming's sermon, in which there was a special reference to the situation of his Royal Highness. It is hoped that the Prince will have sufficiently recovered to bear removal to Cowes, and to enjoy seeing the regatta on board his own yacht there.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein on Saturday presided at the annual meeting of Associates of the Royal School of Needlework, in Exhibition Road, South Kensington, and distributed certificates and diplomas to the pupils. Princess Henry of Battenberg on July 20 unveiled the Jubilee Memorial window in Winchester Cathedral. The Duchess of Connaught opened the new hospital for Soldiers' Wives at Aldershot on Monday.

The National Rifle Association meeting at Bisley closed on Saturday with the final stage of the shooting for the Queen's Prize and Championship, which was won by Lieutenant D. Yates, of the 3rd Lanarkshire Volunteer Battalion. The Duchess of Westminster presented the prizes to the successful competitors. This is the thirty-ninth annual meeting of the Association.

The Archbishop of Canterbury on Monday presented the prizes at the Royal Naval School at Eltham.

On Saturday the Lord Mayor of London gave a dinner, at the Mansion House, to a large company of British and French artists and friends, among whom were Mr. Geoffroy, the French Minister, M. Armand Dayot, and Sir Edward Poynter, President of the Royal Academy, in honour of Art. There was a reception of French and English artists on Monday at the City Corporation Art Gallery, at Guildhall.

The Speaker, and nearly half the members of the House of Commons, were entertained on July 20 by the Lord Mayor at a Mansion House dinner.

The first cutting of ground for the Basingstoke and Alton Railway, a short line of much local convenience in Hampshire, to be constructed under the Light Railways Act in connection with the London and South-Western Railway, was opened on Friday by the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, with Mr. Wyndham Portal, Chairman of the London and South-Western Company, Sir Charles Scott, and other directors. Mr. Ritchie stated that, under the Act, there were already 121 applications for leave to construct light railways to the extent of 1300 miles, with capital amounting to seven and a half millions sterling.

Polling at the election for Reading, contested between Mr. C. E. Keyser, High Sheriff of Berkshire, Conservative, and Mr. G. W. Palmer, the Liberal candidate, took place on Monday. It resulted in the success of Mr. Palmer, with 4600 votes against 3906 for Mr. Keyser, while 270 were given to Mr. Quelch, a Social Democratic candidate.

The Marquis of Salisbury and Lady Salisbury gave on Saturday, at Hatfield, a garden-party to more than two thousand guests, among whom were the Duke of Cambridge, nearly all the foreign Ambassadors, and many members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons.

It has been resolved by the general committee for the National Memorial to the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, at a meeting on July 21, to erect statue monuments in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and a building at Hawarden for the special library which Mr. Gladstone collected there and bestowed for the free use of students. The Duke of Westminster is chairman of the committee.

The international conference of Government delegates at Brussels on the question of abolishing the system of Government bounties for the production of sugar, has failed to agree upon any practical arrangement, mainly in consequence of opposition by France and Russia, but it is proposed in the Report of the British delegates that a convention should be made with other States—Germany, Austria, and Belgium—willing to abandon the system of bounties.

The Emperor of Russia has been entertaining Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and his consort, Princess Marie Louise, at the palace of Peterhof, whence they go to Berlin and to Coburg. The King and Crown Prince of Roumania are now expected visitors at the Russian Court. The Khedive of Egypt, travelling incognito, from Vienna, was at Berlin on Sunday, and went on to Paris.

A battle-ship of 13,000 tons and a swift armoured cruiser of 7800 tons have been ordered for the Russian navy to be constructed by the French Mediterranean Ship-building Company at Toulon. The Russian Minister at Peking, M. Pavloff, has asked the Chinese Government to promise that all the naval instructors of the Chinese fleet shall be Russians. The Chinese Government declined to give such a promise.

FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

"Well, I don't envy you your journey," was the invariable remark when I mentioned to anyone in London that I was about to start for Klondike. Nor was I altogether surprised, for I must confess that the mere name raised visions of all the fearful hardships and dangers that are inseparable from such a journey to those far-off Arctic solitudes, in the gloomy fastnesses of which Nature has made her storehouse of gold.

Once my journey was decided upon, I settled to leave England early in the year so as to leave myself ample time while crossing Canada to pay flying visits to the various new mining camps and mushroom towns of the West. Profiting by previous experience, I determined not to purchase an elaborate outfit in England, but confined myself to a few indispensable articles which cannot well be procured out of the Old Country. The bulk of my kit could be got in Vancouver.

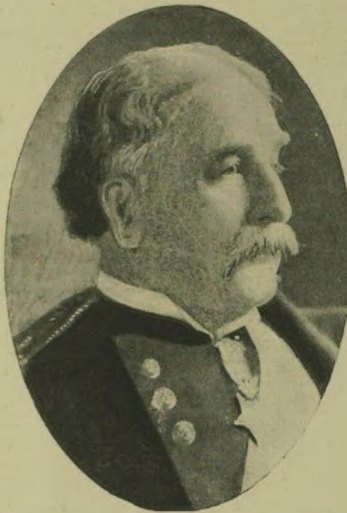
From Liverpool to New York on the *Campania*, a few days' stay at the palatial Waldorf Astoria, then on to Canada by the Delaware and Hudson Railway, is as delightfully luxurious a trip as may well be imagined.

A war of rates was being vigorously waged between the C.P.R. and the Grand Trunk Railway at the time of my trip, in consequence of the rush to the Pacific seaboard of prospectors and miners en route for the new Eldorado. So acute was the competition at the moment that through fares to Vancouver were reduced nearly one-half, and there was a probability of still further reductions.

The courtesy of the officials of the C.P.R. is proverbial, so I was scarcely surprised when Mr. McNicoll, the general manager of the passenger department, informed me that he proposed personally to make me out a sketch plan of a route which would carry me over the principal points of interest on the line, enabling me to break my journey anywhere I chose; also to provide me with a permit which would enable me to ride on engines and freight-trains. In fact, I was to have the run of the line in all directions till the end of my journey. Thus provided, the trip could not fail to prove interesting.

The season was exceptionally late. Although we were in the month of April, the ground was covered with snow, and lakes and rivers were still held fast in the icy grip of the Canadian winter, in remarkable contrast to the genial springlike weather experienced in New York a few days previously. No breath, however, of the icy cold-outer atmosphere reaches the interior of the luxuriously warmed drawing-room cars, where rugs and over-

coats are positive superfluities. After five consecutive days and nights on the train the temptation to break one's journey for a few hours was irresistible, and a day was spent very pleasantly rambling among quaint log-built cottages, which reminded one not a little of some far-away Swiss village. Revelstoke, though still in its infancy, is growing very rapidly, and the past two years have seen the greater portion of its town-lots treble themselves in



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U.S.A.,
LEADING THE EXPEDITION TO PORTO RICO.

value. We were timed to leave for Rossland at eight o'clock the following morning, but our start was delayed over two hours in consequence of a landslide some miles down the main line.

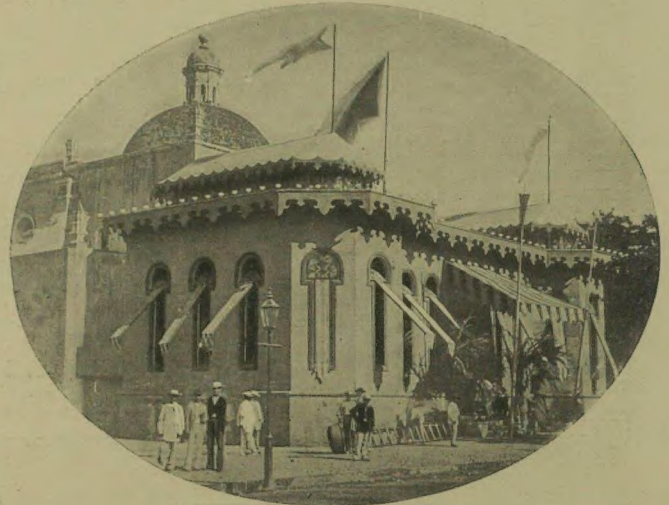
A short branch line runs from Revelstoke to Arrowhead, where one embarks on a river-steamer for Robson, the next point, a run of an hour and a half. The broad gauge runs as far as Trail Creek, the smelting centre of

the West Kootenay District, a little village that may one day become an important township, if its big smelter and surrounding mines turn out as expected. Leaving Trail, the narrow gauge line to Rossland mounts rapidly to an altitude of 1500 ft. by a series of gradients which must be seen to be believed. So steep are most of them that when returning from Rossland no steam is necessary at any part of the run, a distance of fifteen miles. The line runs through some magnificent mountain scenery. It was originally constructed to carry ore from the Kootenay mines to the smelter till, with the growth of Rossland, a passenger traffic sprang up. An opportunity then presenting itself to purchase at a knock-out figure the private cars of the late Brigham Young, of Mormon fame, which had been in use many years on his Utah Railway, the erstwhile steam tramway blossomed out into an extension of the Columbia and Western Railway, and is now paying handsomely. The permanent way, which is as roughly laid as possible, continually offers a variety of sensations more or less exciting, and numberless are the stories told of hair-breadth escapes of its one train. We were already over three hours late on leaving Trail, so there was but little chance of making up for lost time. Any hope we might have had of arriving at our destination even with no further delay was soon dispelled, for we had not proceeded many miles when there was a series of sharp bumps and the train suddenly came to a standstill. A large mass of rock had fallen across the line ahead. There was nothing to be done but accept the situation philosophically, as an incident of railway travelling in the Far West. My fellow-passengers apparently thought nothing of what was evidently an ordinary occurrence, and of one accord composed themselves to sleep away the time. On going out on the platform of the car one could see nothing, so dark was the night, and there was no possibility of descending, for where the train had stopped was apparently a precipice on one side and a high cliff on the other, and deep snow everywhere. I went back into the carriage and, stretched on some rugs, soon fell into a deep sleep, from which I was suddenly awakened by a loud report. It was a charge of dynamite the conductor and engine-driver had exploded in the mass of rock barring our passage! The operation was successful, for after a short delay at last we began to proceed cautiously, the line being evidently strewn with pieces of rock; and for some distance the cars heaved and rolled to such an extent that we all looked at each other anxiously, almost expecting to find ourselves being precipitated down the ravine. It was the strangest fifteen-mile railway journey I ever made, and it was certainly with no feeling of regret that I at length saw the welcome light of Rossland ahead of us.

(To be Continued.)



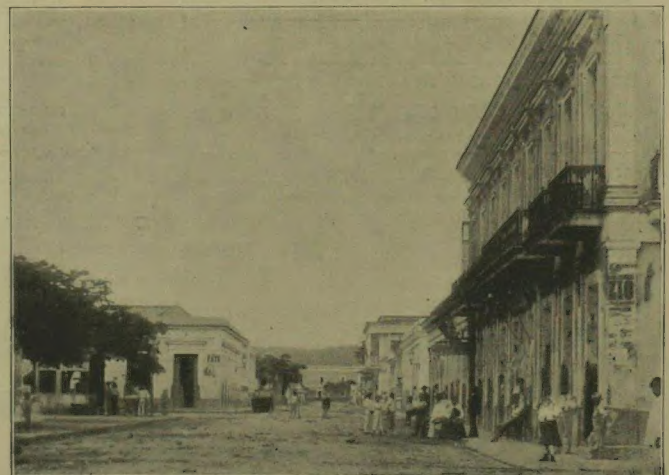
CORNER OF PLAZA DE LAS DELICIAS, PONCE, PORTO RICO.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, PONCE.



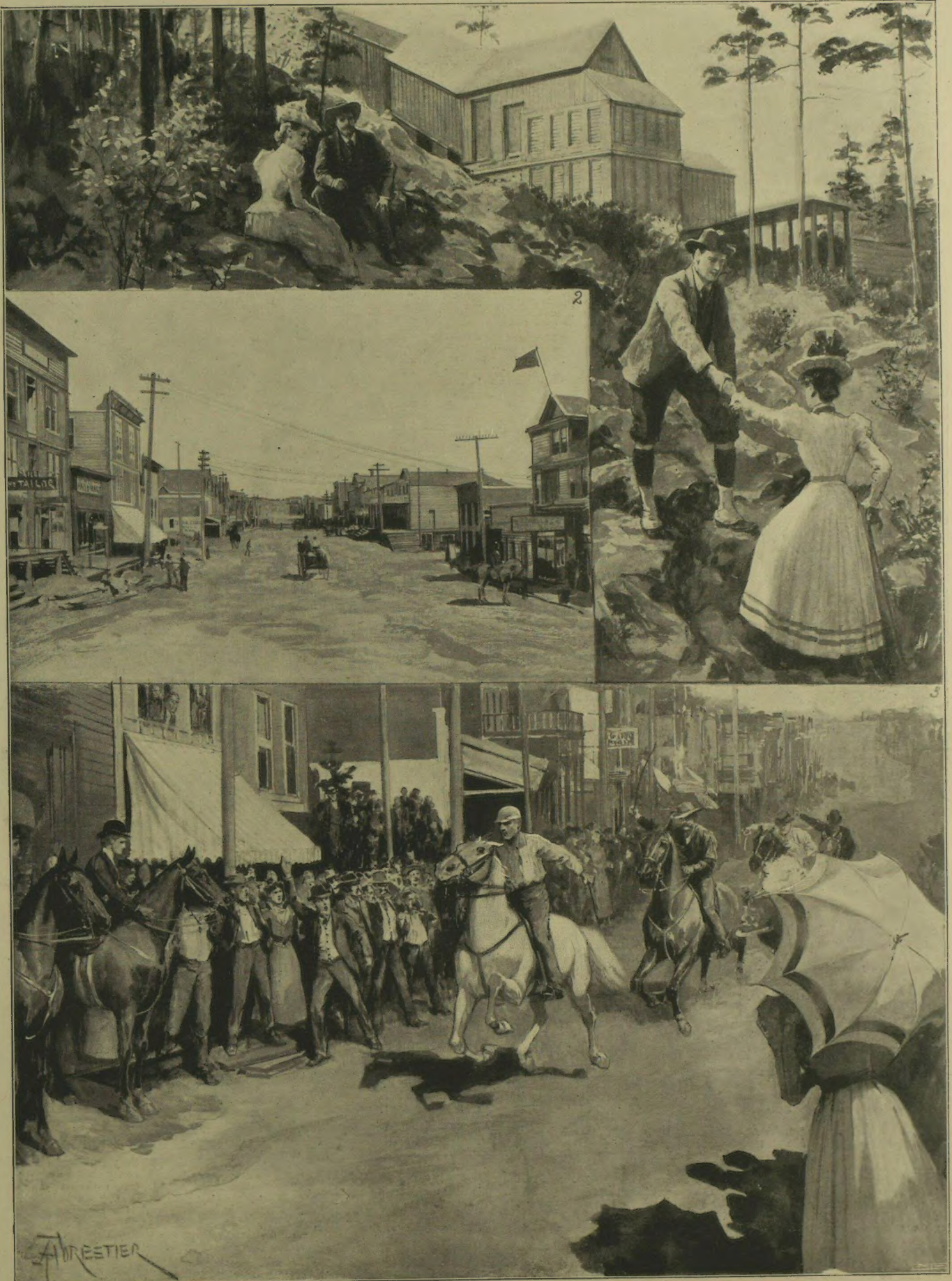
TOWN HALL, PONCE.



A STREET IN PONCE, SHOWING BARRACKS AT THE EXTREME END.

THE INVASION OF PORTO RICO.

General Miles has landed a small party at Guanica, on the south-west of the island of Porto Rico. He encountered scarcely any opposition, the Spaniards being completely taken by surprise. From Guanica, unless delayed by the opening of peace negotiations, he will advance to Ponce, from which a railway runs to San Juan.



1. Sunday Afternoon in Rossland.

2. Columbia Avenue, Rossland: Looking East.

3. Life in the Far West: A Race Meeting in the Main Street, Rossland.

FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.

SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

In Eastern Cuba, General Shafter has received the surrender of the outlying garrisons or detachments of troops at Guantanamo, Caimanera, and other places. The total number of Spanish soldiers who have become prisoners of war is reckoned at twenty-four thousand, about half of these, with some sailors, being those who formed the garrison of the city of Santiago. They are all to be conveyed to Spain at the cost of the United States Government, without delay. In the meantime, there is a friendly feeling between the Spanish and American soldiery in and around Santiago, and the officers of the two hostile armies exchange courtesies and civilities in a truly chivalrous spirit. The scarcity of food is severely felt by the Cuban population of town and country. Many thousands of people are daily fed by rations which General Shafter has extreme difficulty in supplying to them. To the north and west of Santiago, in the districts of Holguin and Manzanillo, the remaining Spanish troops, not included in General Toral's surrender, appear to be in a desperate position. They find their communications

diminution of its garrison and the increasing forces of its assailants.

Latest telegrams announce the opening of peace negotiations, Spain having sued through the French Ambassador at Washington for a cessation of hostilities. No European intervention will be permitted.

HER MAJESTY AND EAST COWES.

On the evening of Saturday, July 23, the Queen publicly opened a new road which her Majesty has presented to the inhabitants of East Cowes in exchange for a road in close proximity to the grounds of Osborne House. It was intended at first that the Queen should purchase the road, but after considerable correspondence it was decided, in deference to the wishes of the residents, that an exchange should be effected instead. Her Majesty accordingly gave the land, and had the new road laid out and metalled. At half-past six on the evening of Saturday last, her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, arrived at the Cowes end of the road, and was received by the spectators with loud cheers. Sir Fleetwood Edwards presented Mr. James Halliday, Chairman of the District Council, who handed the Queen an address

boilers, which, although on general grounds of utility they are defended by the Admiralty, are now admitted to have some shortcomings. The Vaccination Bill went to the Lords with the new clause which virtually abolishes compulsion by exempting from penalties any parent who makes a statutory declaration that he has a conscientious objection to the vaccination of his child. Upon the magistrates is imposed the duty of discussing whether the objection is conscientious or frivolous, a distinction which is obviously unworkable in practice. The Government have been blamed for this change of front, but it is fair to note that compulsion is opposed on both sides of the House, even by a medical expert like Sir Walter Foster, who has an unshaken faith in the efficacy of vaccination. The Lords discussed the Irish Local Government Bill in Committee very placidly. Lord Morris carried an amendment, adding the city of Galway to the list of county boroughs under the Bill. There was no special reason for this except that Galway has old and agreeable associations with Lord Morris's family, and Lord Salisbury evidently sympathised with the amendment, though he voted against it. Lord Clonbrock proposed that two members instead of one should be returned to the district councils by each electoral

MR. A. B. WALKLEY,
Secretary to the Conference.

MR. H. BUXTON FORMAN,
Assistant Secretary G.P.O.

SIR SPENCER WALPOLE,
Secretary G.P.O.

SIR W. PEACHE,
Natal Agent-General.

MR. A. A. PEARSON,
Representing Crown Colonies.

SIR JAMES WINTER,
Premier, Newfoundland.



LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL,
Canadian High Commissioner.

THE HON. W. MULLOCK,
Canadian Postmaster-General.

DUKE OF NORFOLK,
Postmaster-General.

SIR DAVID TENNANT,
Cape Agent-General.

Photo Elliott and Fry.

IMPERIAL PENNY POSTAGE: ORGANISING COMMITTEE OF THE LATE CONFERENCE.

intercepted by the Cuban native guerrilla leader Garcia, whose headquarters are at Bayamo, in the interior, half-way between Manzanillo and Holguin, while Manzanillo, a southern seaport, has been bombarded, and some American troops landed there, so as effectually to cut off Eastern Cuba from Spanish military assistance, Havana being nearly five hundred miles distant.

Marshal Blanco, the Governor at Havana, issues proclamations affecting to minimise the import of the Spanish losses, and declaring that his large army can repel the invaders; but it is believed that the civil population of Western Cuba do not share his confidence. The inhabitants of Cienfuegos, the only accessible seaport on the south-western coast, have sent a letter to Admiral Sampson, imploring him to come quickly and capture their town, as they are starving and dying of hunger, the Spaniards eating all the food there is. We should not too hastily conclude, from the disputes between Garcia, a local Cuban leader, and General Shafter, in the eastern province, respecting the establishment of strict American martial rule at Santiago, that the whole of the native revolutionary party in Cuba, or its responsible political chiefs, disagree with the manner in which the United States Government is conducting its intervention.

It seems possible that in the Philippine Islands an eventual solution of the political problem, supposing that the Spanish sovereignty were abandoned, could be arranged with Aguinaldo, the native military dictator, since the capture of Manila appears a certainty with the rapid

from the people of East Cowes, acknowledging her Majesty's gracious act. Her Majesty replied, other presentations followed, and then the Queen, having named the road Princess Beatrice Avenue, drove swiftly along it, the outrider's horse breaking the white band which formed a conventional barrier.

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Goschen's supplemental estimate of eight millions for the Navy has fluttered the party of retrenchment at any price. Mr. Labouchere believes that expenditure on armaments ought to be fixed, and that the sum ought to be twenty millions. The Admiralty decided long ago that the Navy must be maintained at a strength superior to the navies of any two Powers combined. Since the Budget was introduced, it has been discovered that Russia has entered upon a new programme of ship-building which, in order to carry out the Admiralty calculation, compels us to spend more in proportion. Mr. Goschen said that certain of the new battle-ships would be constructed for passage through the Suez Canal and service in the Far East. This direct allusion to Russia has been much criticised, but does not affect the normal policy which the Admiralty laid down years ago. Lord Charles Beresford, in commending the new estimates as a partially satisfactory measure, argued that the proportion of our supremacy at sea ought to be as five to three. Mr. William Allan inveighed once more against the Belleville

division. The object of this proposal was to give the county gentry a chance of minority representation. It was objected that if the electors were strongly opposed to the county gentry, they would return two councillors of the same political colour. This was described by the Irish peers as an objection quite natural to the Saxon mind, which does not understand Irish sentiment.

IMPERIAL PENNY POSTAGE.

The Organising Committee of the recent Conference which has brought about Imperial Penny Postage can claim a distinguished membership. From abroad the representatives were the Canadian High Commissioner, the Canadian Postmaster-General, the Cape Agent-General, the Natal Agent-General, the Premier of Newfoundland, and a delegate from the Crown Colonies. The Home authorities were represented by the Postmaster-General, the Secretary, and Assistant-Secretary G.P.O. It is interesting to note that the last-named official, Mr. H. Buxton Forman, is eminent in letters as a student of Shelley and Keats, while Mr. A. B. Walkley, who acted as secretary to the Conference, is the distinguished dramatic critic.

The photographs of Golders Hill, Hampstead, reproduced in our issue of July 16, were taken by Sir Henry Thompson.

PERSONAL.

The appointment of the Earl of Minto to succeed the Earl of Aberdeen as Governor-General of Canada is a most popular one. The new ruler may be called an old Canadian, for he went there in 1883 as Military Secretary to Lord Lansdowne, and acted as Chief of the Staff during the Louis Riel Rebellion of 1885. The Earl, who is the fourth of his line, and was born in 1845, belongs to a family—the Elliots—that has given several prominent servants to the State. His great-grandfather, the first Earl, was Governor-General of India, and his uncle, Sir Henry Elliot, ranks among the most distinguished of our modern Ambassadors. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, he served for four years in the Scots Guards, afterwards as a volunteer in the Afghan War and in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. Then, as Viscount Melgund, he had the Canadian experiences that will now be all in his favour. He has had a command of the Border Mounted Rifles, and been for ten years Brigadier-General commanding the South of Scotland Infantry Volunteer Brigade. The Countess of Minto is a sister of the present Earl Grey.

The new Bishop Suffragan of Dover, the Right Reverend William Walsh, D.D., who graduated at St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, in 1859, has been in varied ecclesiastical employment since 1861, when he took orders and saw his first service as curate at Horsell, Surrey. A move to London, where he served as curate in Upper Chelsea, brought him into contact with new activities; and in 1865 he became Associate Secretary of the Church Missionary Society for Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. Later, the London Diocesan Home Missionary Society secured his services. A chaplaincy in Rome took him abroad, but not for more than a few months; for in 1879 he accepted the Vicarage of St. Matthew's at Stoke Newington. Other appointments followed—that of Missionary Chaplain to the Bishop of London among others—and in 1889 he was assigned a stall in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Sir Martin le Marchant Gosselin, the new Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was born in 1847, the son of M. H. Gosselin, of Ware Priory, by his wife, a daughter of Admiral Sir John Marshall. Educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, he entered the diplomatic service, in which his rise has been rapid. He was Secretary of the Legation in Brussels for six years, and then had a year with the Embassy at Berlin. He rose to the rank of a Minister Plenipotentiary, and has acted as Secretary of the British Embassy in Paris.

The Rev. Alfred Rowland, President of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, is one of the most distinguished of living Nonconformist ministers. Of Welsh origin, he early became an I.L.B. of London University. His first pulpit was at Frome, in Somersetshire, but all his successes in the Congregational ministry have been associated with Park Chapel, Crouch End, of which he has been the pastor for many years. His church has been the centre of a very large amount of zealous work, his congregation including many eminent representatives of political and social Nonconformity. His chairmanship of the Congregational Union has been recognised by his denomination as a well-deserved but inevitable recognition of a striking personality.

Lieutenant David Yates, of the 3rd Lanark Rifle Volunteers, winner of the Queen's Prize at Bisley, was born at Alexandria, Vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire. He is forty-two years of age. Twenty-four years ago he joined the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Scots, and shortly afterwards transferred his

allegiance to the 3rd Lanark. He passed through all ranks to sergeant, and two years ago was promoted Second Lieutenant. In March of this year he became Lieutenant. He is an enthusiastic shot, and has attended Wimbledon and Bisley for the last twenty years. He has considered the Queen's Prize his most unlucky competition. Only once before, in 1883, had he reached the final stage. Among his many successes is the Wimbledon Cup, which he won for the second time last year. He is a most energetic officer; even so late as last year he successfully passed his examination in tactics, and this year in fortification.

Has Canada a native literature? The question is often asked, and by Mr. Goldwin Smith at least, it is answered in the negative. Beyond a doubt she has men who have a distinct place in the literature of the Empire and of the world. M. Louis Fréchet, the Poet Laureate of French Canada, is one such man, and Dr. John George Bourinot is another. Of M. Louis Fréchet it has been said that he

finely balanced judgment, which give to his historical and Constitutional work their great weight and authority at home and abroad." Strong though his views are on many current questions, and at times in conflict with the Ministry of the day, yet such is the respect for the man and the writer that no one seeks to disturb him in his official position.

Admiral Thomas Leeke Massie, who died on July 19, was an interesting personality, not only on account of what he had been, but of what he was. In earlier days he had borne a part in the making of history, and time had not filched away, but had added to his distinction, for he remained among Britain's Admirals an outstanding figure—the Father of the Fleet. Admiral Massie, who was born in 1802, was descended from that Baron Massie who came over with the Conqueror. At sixteen he went to sea as midshipman on board the *Rochfort*, under Fremantle. In the flag-ship *Asia* he served with distinction at Navarino, and was promoted Lieutenant for his conduct. An incident which renders the late Admiral's career particularly interesting was his contact with Lord Byron. Hearing that the poet lay ill at Missolonghi, the English Admiral sent a boat's crew under Midshipman Massie to bring him off. Their flag of truce was disregarded, and the crew proceeded under a sharp fire to Missolonghi, only to be told by the physician that Byron was too ill to be moved. The party accordingly returned. Byron's death was shortly afterwards announced. Admiral Massie subsequently served in the Channel, the North Sea, and the Mediterranean. He was present at the blockade of the Dutch coast in 1831-32, and in 1840 commanded the *Thunderer* on the coast of Syria. For his services in the attack on Sidon and St. Jean d'Acre he obtained his Captaincy. In the Chinese Expedition he filled a post of honour. In 1860 he became Rear-Admiral, in 1866 Vice-Admiral, and in 1872 Admiral.

Mr. Irvine Stephen Bulloch, who died on July 14, was a Liverpool cotton-broker of repute, who, during the American War of Secession, led an adventurous life as agent for the Confederate Government and navigating lieutenant on board the famous *Alabama*. He took part in the *Alabama's* last fight. Subsequently Mr. Bulloch was navigating lieutenant on board the *Shenandoah*, and accompanied her on her predatory cruise to cut out the whalers of Behring Straits. When peace was concluded he was ordered to bring the ship to the Mersey, evading the coast-signallers. This he did in a run of 14,000 miles round by Cape Horn. His Confederate sympathies made him very reluctant to resign the vessel into Federal hands, and in passing the Welsh coast he was sorely tempted to run the ship ashore. He resisted, however, and brought the *Shenandoah* safely to Liverpool, where she was transferred to the United States authorities. Mr. Bulloch was born in South Carolina. His business connection with Liverpool dates from 1870.

An accident on the Great Western Railway last week resulted in the death of Walter Peart and Henry Dean, the driver and stoker of the express from Windsor to Paddington, as it was passing between Ealing and Acton. The engine, subsequent inquiry seems to show, was not one which ought to have been employed for fast passenger traffic; and, owing to some wear and tear, a rent was made in the boiler. The driver and stoker were scalded and mutilated, but they remained at their posts and turned off steam, until they were blown on to the line by the explosion. They were still alive when they were found, but both died shortly afterwards. The engine-driver had one pathetic boast to make—that he had stuck to his engine until the last.

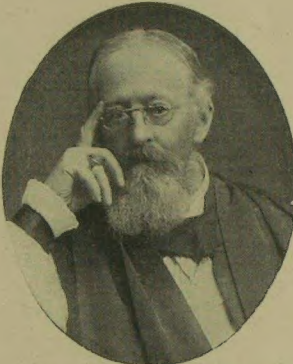


Photo Russell.
THE RIGHT REV. DR. WALSH,
Bishop Suffragan of Dover.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE EARL OF MINTO,
Governor-General Elect of Canada.



Photo Russell.
SIR MARTIN GOSSELIN,
Assistant Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.



Photo Topley, Ottawa.
DR. J. G. BOURINOT.



Photo Knight, Aldershot.
LIEUTENANT YATES, 3RD LANARK R.V.
Winner of the Queen's Prize at Bisley.

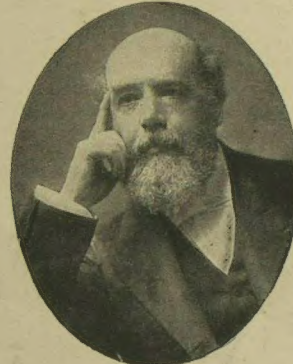


Photo Russell.
THE REV. ALFRED ROWLAND.



Photo Barrand, Liverpool.
THE LATE MR. STEPHEN BULLOCH.



Photo Wainmough Webster, Chester.
THE LATE ADMIRAL MASSIE,
Father of the Fleet.



Photo A. and G. Taylor, Leicester.
THE LATE WALTER PEART.



THE QUEEN PRESENTING A NEW ROAD TO THE INHABITANTS OF EAST COWES, ON SATURDAY, JULY 23.

Photo Hughes and McKinn, Dyde.



ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE ALLINGHAM.

the withering shadow of the Faddist stalked past, and the models were swept off the steps, to haunt the studios of the unfortunate artists, so that the last state should be worst than the first.

From group to group the Contessa passed, as it were, without premeditation, until she reached the point that had arrested her attention when in her carriage. Here, grouped together, were two handsome women and some charming children, while a man of remarkable beauty—unmistakably an artist—stood talking to them.

She glided up to this group diagonally, with her back to the man, apparently unaware of his existence, and held out a lira to one of the little boys.

"The Contessa will ruin the poor artist if she thus bribes our fairest models."

She turned slowly, looked at him for a moment, then said coldly, "I did not see you."

At the implied suggestion that his existence did not come within the sphere of this beautiful woman, a flush of pain swept over his expressive face; then a sudden and

ONE day in spring, the happy-go-lucky driving of the Roman cabman scattered the foot-passengers wildly to the right and to the left, and brought the traffic in the Piazza di Spagna to a sudden standstill.

Thus it was that a handsome open carriage, drawn by a pair of splendid chestnuts, found itself jammed between the fountain of La Barcaccia and the Scala di Spagno, whose steps lead the eye up to the twin towers of the Church of S. Trinità de' Monti. In the carriage were two ladies; passers-by, however, only looked at one, the younger of the two—she with the red-gold hair, frizzed out in the extreme Italian fashion. With an impatient gesture she ordered the coachman to drive through the crowd, but on being respectfully told that this was an impossibility, she threw a five-franc note to a flower-man who had taken refuge behind the outer parapet of the fountain, and received in return a bundle of beautiful flowers. With these she amused herself by tearing away the finest leaves and tossing them in handfuls to the winds.

As she watched the leaves being caught up by conflicting currents of air and falling away in different directions, her idle glance chanced to sweep in the semicircular landing that midway parts the flight of steps. At once her attention was arrested; the soft line of her mouth tightened, the firm curve of her chin appeared accentuated; the Juno in the woman was revealed. The determination being resolved upon, the Venus once more shone forth; she smiled, and became again the seductive beauty that Roman society adored.

"Lady Emilia, I am going to get out; you are to drive home."

"My dear child, let me come with you; I shall not interfere with you—you know I never do. For your own sake, dear Contessa."

"I am going alone. I can take care of myself, but in this crowd I could not undertake to look after a dear, little, frightened old lady as well."

It was true, her position as duenna was a farce; the woman of the world was the girl with the red-gold hair.

Lady Emilia's knowledge of this wicked world was confined to those two months in the season when, in the days of her youth, the shutters were taken down in the gaunt, grey house in St. James's Square; but soon even this limited and decorous dissipation had had to be given up as arrears in rent kept increasing; and now she was thankful to accept the remunerative position of duenna to the rich Contessa Julia. By this means she was able to obtain her greatest happiness, which to this little gentlewoman took the form of yearly remitting the modest pension out of the estate to which she was entitled, and supplementing it by a handsome donation to her nephew, the present Duke, who, for the honour of the family, still struggled to keep up a wing of the straggling old castle in the far West of Ireland. On the whole, the Contessa treated her well; she had inherited from her Transatlantic mother a pious reverence of rank.

The carriage drove on, and the Contessa began slowly to ascend the steps.

In past days, when clothed by the vendors of flowers and models of every degree, the Scala di Spagno presented a bright and beautiful picture; but the hand of Progress, not content with destroying the colossal structures of Emperors, cutting down trees, blocking out historic views, stretched out its lean fingers even unto the sellers of flowers, and they were banished. Then



He caught the little hands all glistening with cold water and raised them to his lips.

quite unexpected desire seized him—to make this woman acknowledge his genius. He thought the desire was for the sake of the art that he loved, but for all this, when he looked at the woman, he could find no words.

She had over-acted her part, but women of her beauty can recover their position by a smile. The Contessa smiled and said, "How do you know me?"

"All artists know that there is but one gracious lady in Rome who possesses the hair that Paris Bordone loved to paint."

With a feigned touch of surprise in her lifted eyebrows—"You are an artist?"

The man offered her his card.

She took it with another smile, but did not trouble to glance at it. Why should she? She knew he was the coming artist of the day—St. Domenico! the prefix having been added by Society in allusion to the ascetic life he led. He was rarely seen in Society, no scandals swarmed round his name; indeed, so austere was his life that he could not be approached in the ordinary way. It was for this reason that she had been driven to this unconventional step to form his acquaintance.

"I have seen all the pictures you have exhibited in Rome."

"You have!"

"But I interrupt you; these women claim your attention."

With a word he dismissed the group of models. "Contessa, I am entirely at your disposal. Can I take you to your carriage?"

"Do you often paint hair like mine?"

"All Rome knows that no model has hair like that of the Contessa."

"Is that why they cannot paint the right colour?"

"I am told the Contessa never allows an artist the happiness of trying to reproduce it on canvas."

"I don't know that—" she glanced up at the sky, then turned her eyes on him—"if I could find an artist who could do it justice."

In silence they went down the steps; on the last she paused and tilted her mauve-satin parasol so that the sun struck on her hair.

He looked and was lost. His artistic temperament aflame, he whispered hurriedly, "Contessa, give me the chance! A sitting now and then, when you feel inclined, is all I ask."

"Call a carriage, please."

Domenico stepped on the Piazza.

She kept the carriage blocking the way for five minutes whilst she talked airy nothings on the steps; then she settled herself deliberately, and as the carriage drove off she tossed him the longed-for permission.

II.

Although nearly all the beautiful gardens for which Papal Rome was so justly famed have been built over, a few corners of these can still be found, hidden away, between the hideous square caravanserais raised by the greed of the Roman aristocratic speculator. Such a corner, shaded by palm, ilex, eucalyptus, and redolent of graceful flowers and shrubs, had been saved by the money of Julia's American mamma. The wholesale sacrifice of pigs had gone to make the money, and never had pigs died in a better cause.

In the arched balcony overlooking the garden the Contessa Julia was sitting for her portrait, propped up by many violet-coloured cushions of satin and embroidered silk. On an antique inlaid stand stood two small golden coffee-cups, a cigarette peeped between the fingers of the delicate hand that rested on the back of the sofa, the skin of her feet gleamed like white marble through perforated black silk stockings.

The soft wind swept in a stray branch of drooping eucalyptus to kiss the red lips of the Contessa, as she languidly leaned against the cushions and gazed across to where an opening in the trees showed the gaunt outline of the colossal ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. Domenico threw down the chalk, rose, and drew back a few paces, whilst he looked from his curvas to the Contessa, from the Contessa to the canvas.

"I should like to see the sketch," sighed she.

"Contessa, our agreement—"

"You mistake. I know, where his art is concerned, St. Domenico is an autocrat." He was not as yet her abject slave.

"Come here. A glance at this landscape will refresh you before beginning the drudgery of painting my face."

"Ah, Contessa! You would not say that could you conceive what it is to the artist to be privileged to paint such hair, such colour."

Standing by the side of the Contessa, the wind likewise swept into his face. To him it brought the memory of that quaint old town Marino, among the Alban hills, and of a little maiden named Carmine, who lived there. Carmine, the playmate of his boyhood days, the dainty little figure on which his eyes had last rested when he turned his steps towards Rome. But Carmine had no place here, in the arched balcony of the Contessa Julia. He put the thought of her from him, and turned to the beautiful woman whom all Rome adored.

"I am wasting my time when I might be painting riches that Titian sighed for in vain."

"I see you are in love with your art."

"An artist loves all that is beautiful."

"A liberal education," the Contessa laughed softly; then added, "Love, love, love; the burden of every man's song. Yet I know nothing of this of which you talk."

"Contessa, I cannot but believe that many men must have loved you."

"Their love does not touch me."

"But when it comes to that—"

"I dismiss them. The writhings of victims affords me no pleasure."

"But it has always been asserted that the pain inflicted was what gave the real joy to the inflictor."

"That was the old faith; it is not that of the new. As we advance, pain in any form becomes an impossible element of joy."

"Then you are sorry for the victims?"

"I simply dislike witnessing suffering of any kind; in reason, I should not be called upon to do so. I give them fair warning; it is not my fault if each one will think that he will be the exception."

"There has been no exception?"

"None."

"There will never be one?"

"Who knows? Perhaps!" and she looked at him from under her level brows.

"Yes, you give fair warning, and the man who does not take the warning takes the risk on his own shoulders. At least, he can never upbraid you."

"You think not?"

"In honour a man could not."

"But when men love, as they call it, they forget honour."

"Contessa!"

"You mean that, after such a warning, if you found yourself in the position of a lover, in honour you could not reproach the woman?"

"Certainly, no man in honour could reproach you."

She looked across to the Palace of the Cæsars, where the Julius of old had reigned over the hearts of men. "We shall see."

III.

There is no temple in all Rome that carries with it quite the same fascination as the round one that no man can name, and which stands within the precincts of the old Forum Boarium. With its nineteen battered Corinthian columns mourning the one that is not, it watches over the Piazza Bocca della Verità, smiling approval of the concourse of carts that flock in from the country and cluster round the lion-headed oblong drinking-trough. Ponies, donkeys, mules struggle for the fresh waters in a thirsty land, while swarthy men of the Campagna fill their golden-coloured gourds from the mutilated lips of the lion's mouth. Just below, a group of hand dust-carts make a hot patch of red, to be counterbalanced by the green-blue of a long line of carts, drawn up to form an impromptu stable against the wall running up to the temple. Here friends are greeted, carts unloaded, burdens rearranged, and all amid much talk and gesticulation.

On this particular morning a wine-cart, drawn by a well-fed mule—brave with many waving plumes and tassels of red and blue—might have been seen carefully making its way through the busy crowd, to draw up beneath the shadow of the yellow-brown Fountain of the Tritons. Two blue-striped poles rose vertically from the end, and together with the high seat of the driver kept in position the pyramid of little wine-casks piled on the long narrow cart. The huge, one-sided blue tent-umbrella was spread wide, a cluster of jingling bells just peeped from under its lowest folds, while a gay rug gave the necessary touch of colour to this most picturesque of all the carts in the Piazza Bocca della Verità this morning.

Altogether, there was an air about this turn-out that showed a distinct mark of prosperity—a rare occurrence in overburdened Italy. From out of the shadow of the umbrella the head of a very handsome old man appeared, to be followed by arms, torso, and legs, which did full credit to the fine features of the man. Slowly he unwound the voluminous coat, lined with red, that was gracefully folded about him, and shouted up to the deep recesses of the umbrella, "Carmine, you may get out now."

Then there jumped down from the cart, clad in festa attire, as dainty a little maid as the eyes of man could wish to see.

"Now, you will be a good child and speak to no man, and remember all the mother told you, and meet me here at the hour of returning."

"Yes, grandfather, I will do all you say."

"Then hurry away, for you have not too much time in which to see the sights of Rome, and the great river Tiber flows just at the back of that old heathen temple."

Carmine quickly picked her way through the crowd till she was lost in the shade of the temple, there she paused. It was not, however, to look up at the temple, but to look down the Piazza—in fact, to watch the very cart that had brought her to Rome.

From this point of vantage she saw her grandfather take in some of the expanded folds of the umbrella, settle himself once more under it, gather up the reins, and disappear in the dark streets towards the Capitol. Then

she came out into the sunshine, retraced her steps, and sat down on the edge of the Triton's Fountain.

The Forum Romanum was high at hand; the great ruins on the Palatine Hill towered just above; the cruelly bare Arch of Janus Quadrifrons and the prettily decorated Arch of the Money-Changers lay hard by, but the sights of Rome were not what she had come to see. When love rules the heart, there is but one sight it cares to see—the face of the one beloved.

Will he come? was the burden of her thoughts, as it had been since the dawn of day, when she had set out, by the side of her grandfather, from Marino among the Alban hills. The journey itself had been but one long proem to the thought—Will he come?

It was outside the gate of Marino, under the shadow of the old walls that had witnessed so many a fierce fight between the Colonna and Orsini, that they had said that last good-bye. It was at the foot of the cross that he had turned for that last glance upwards. It was seated in that old olive overhanging that projecting rock that she in fancy had watched his form long after it was physically possible to do so. It was out in the campagna where the first kiss had been exchanged, when as a boy he had marched across the plain to starve and toil along the harsh road that is said to lead to fame. And sometimes the toiler drops by the side, and sometimes Fame comes too late, when the hardships of the journey have destroyed the power to enjoy. Domenico went to Rome to seek fame, and without knowing it, he left in Marino that which outweighs all else in the world.

Will he come?

She had ventured to send him a letter, a few timid lines written with infinite care. They were not engaged; there had been no word of betrothal between them; in their case none had ever seemed to be required. As little children, they had played together; he, a boy, had cut her profile on the rock by the side of the wishing-well; she, a girl, had sat for his first portrait, which had been drawn on the marble steps of the church, and since those days she had formed the inspiration of all his pictures. Again and again he had returned to Marino to immortalise the magnificent head of the old grandfather, the saintly simplicity of Carmine's sweet face.

She had put on her costume this morning because he loved to paint her so; and who knew if he might not want her to-day! Perhaps that mental vision of his studio, which had been called up by his often-repeated descriptions, would become materialised. To see the room in which he passed his days, to see the work of his hands and of his brain—but no, this would be expecting too much. Any way, she had come prepared. In the old chestnut-wood box at home were hidden away many little presents he had brought to her: coloured handkerchiefs, a brooch of mosaic, a string of pearls, and, best of all, an antique silver crucifix, but this she always wore upon her breast.

Will he come?

She watched the shadows lengthen out on the square, she listened to the confused striking of many church clocks; at the end of an hour she raised her eyes to the cloudless sky and prayed silently that he might come.

The girl has always to wait, and sometimes he does not come; then she arises, and goes away smiling. This is the law of man that has been written for woman. Some smile and go away and die; others smile, and the first devil that passes their way enters into their heart.

Half an hour afterwards Carmine rose, the unspoken cry beating madly at the portals of her heart as the first real doubt as to his coming seized her; she turned and plunged her hot, trembling hands into the cool waters of the fountain.

It was while she was thus bending over the water that Domenico caught sight of her. He had meant to approach her from a new plane, to show her that their lives no longer travelled in the same sphere; but when his eyes fell on the pretty picture she presented, instinctively his steps quickened. He caught the little hands all glistening with cool water and raised them to his lips; then he looked at her face, which he might have kissed too, only he had much respect for this artless little maiden.

Carmine looked at the hands which had received his kisses, and her heart smote her for having doubted him; she said, "I was sure you would come."

Her words recalled him: he glanced round hurriedly.

"Let us go under the colonnade of S. Maria in Cosmedin, it is too public here, you never can tell who may be passing by."

When, however, he came beneath the arches, the spirit of unrest was still raging in his bosom, and he took her within, into the boarded-up part of the old church, which stands bearing sarcastic testimony to the care the Church takes of its sacred property.

In awed silence Carmine glanced at the beautiful old marble columns—stolen from some great temple of ancient faith—at the wonderful inlaid mosaic pavement, which, alas! was half hidden by piles of hard mortar, fallen plaster, brickbats, and broken rubbish. Up the aisle they walked to where the two marble ambones—inlaid with stained glass and gold-leaf—sighed to one another across the desecrated nave; and here several slabs of pavement had been raised, showing carving of still greater interest on the reverse. What priceless treasures are buried in these churches; what gems of art are lost to the intelligent

through the ignorance or stupidity of the guardians of our souls!

Amid the dirt, dust, and mortar, Carmine went down on her knees before the deserted High Altar. For a moment Domenico hesitated, then he knelt by her side and whispered, "Pray for me, Carmine."

She took the hand that touched her dress, and in the fervour of her prayers clasped it tightly to her bosom.

"Carmine, what have you there? You are not doing penance?"

"It is only the crucifix you gave me."

"But you should not wear it there, it will hurt you."

She shook her head. As if anything love gave could hurt!

He rose hastily. "It is damp and cold here."

In the colonnade they paused, and glancing down it, Carmine's attention was at once arrested by a large round slab-stone, with eyes, nose, and mouth carved in the centre of it.

Passing the rifled tomb with crumbling frescoes, the big doors with the green paint peeling off, they came to the vaulted end that might have been designed for a chapel.

have drawings of that time, and the oxen are the making of the picture in every case. Look at the exquisite gradations of the grey-green roof of the round temple, and what a white light the fluted columns take in the sunshine, so different in colour to the dull grey columns built into that church on the right."

"And is this great shadow before us cast by the church we are in?"

"Yes, and watch how the shadow of the tall campanile stretches out to the one cast by the base of the Tritons Fountain. It looks as if they were struggling to meet."

"Do you think, Domenico, that those shadows are fond of each other?"

"If our shadows could be seen, Carmine, they would be far apart. Now—they would be nearer?"

The girl's heart leaped as he moved towards her. Was he once more going to be the Domenico she had known all her life?

He stretched out an arm to the buttress on one side of her.

"It is a long time since I have been to the old home."

"Yes, a very long time."

"Do you think of me when I am away, Carmine?"

It had happened that just as Carmine had slipped from his arm, the shadow of a carriage darkened the archway, and glancing up, Domenico started violently as his eyes fell direct on the red-gold hair he knew so well. On one side of the iron rails that glorious woman who openly showed her preference for him, that goddess before whom society bowed its knee, yet she kept princes waiting while she sat to him for her portrait; on the other side a little village girl, calling on him to swear away his faith to her. A few moments ago Carmine had appeared otherwise to his eyes; now he saw her as she was.

"Nonsense, Carmine, I told you it was only a child's fable; you cannot expect a reasonable man to be a party to any such folly."

True love is painfully sensitive to the least variation of the emotional barometer. The pause before the reply had warned Carmine of a change; her heart-strings had tightened before his words came, so that though they cut her to the quick, she neither started nor cried aloud; but she stretched out a forlorn little hand to the old stone, as if Truth would surely aid her.

"What made you come to Rome dressed up like that?"



He dashed the brushes to the ground. "I cannot paint to-day; you know it."

In the left corner were two steps leading to the door of the priest's house, and from these a stone bench ran against the wall, divided in the middle by the upper half of a mutilated Corinthian capital, on which rested the great round stone that had attracted Carmine's attention—the enigmatical *Bocca della Verità* of mediæval Roman faith.

She looked at the silent stone that had witnessed so many oaths, false and true, that could have told so many histories, grave and gay; at the flat nose, open mouth, large upturned hollow eyes, and the strange green lines on the cheeks that seemed to have been worn by many tears. "What does it mean?"

"It is said to be the top of an old fountain, and tradition has it that the Romans when they took an oath held their hand in its mouth to show that they spoke the truth."

"I like it, and as I look at the old face it seems as if it could speak. Do you believe—"

"No, no; it is all nonsense. Look through these railings and see what pictures the Rome of to-day can give."

She came, and they stood looking through the iron railings, not near together, but one at each end of the arch. He went on quickly: "Of course, it is not nearly so picturesque as in the old days when there was a pond in the centre, and the oxen were allowed to come within the walls and camp around it. I know many artists who

"I always think of you, Domenico."

She could say it now without shame, because the hand was about her waist, and he was gently drawing her towards him. He would not do this if he did not still love her. The doubts and troubles of the morning were over; her poor little quivering heart was at rest. Alas! she forgot that he was the famous artist that Roman society adored—that great ladies raved over, as much on account of his personal beauty as for his genius; she only remembered that it was Domenico, the playfellow of her childhood, the lover of all her days. She could have sunk on the ground and have kissed his feet in gratitude for the tenderness in his tones; but God had made her a shy little maiden, so all she did was to hide her face on his arm.

"Carmine, look at me?"

It is said that love beautifies the plainest face; it made Carmine's absolutely lovely. Other men must see her beauty! The thought troubled Domenico.

"Are you sure it is always of me you think, no other man?"

She twisted out of his arm, thrust her little hand into the open mouth of the silent stone—"Only of you, there could be no other." Then, still with her face turned to the old *Bocca della Verità*, she added shyly, "It is your turn now, Domenico." But no answer came.

No one except professional models go about Rome in costume."

Domenico was not naturally harsh, but women like Julia make men cruel to other women. Carmine hung her head and dumbly wondered what she had done.

"Well, I would not advise you to walk about the streets."

Then she plucked up her courage for one supreme effort. "Domenico, why are you angry with me?"

"I am not angry with you—it is not your fault, only the grandfather and grandmother ought to have known better. I don't suppose it matters. There, go about and enjoy yourself; I must not stay any longer. An artist cannot afford to waste the precious hours of daylight."

Carmine clutched the iron railings and watched him cross over to the fountain. Would he look back? He always looked back as he went down the zig-zag at home; and last time he had climbed the steps of the crucifix halfway, to wait a kiss to her from the tips of his fingers. If he looked back, she would know that he still loved her. Now he had disappeared among the throng of carts, but he must soon come out on the road below which the ponies and mules were feeding. Surely that was the top of his soft felt hat just appearing, followed by body and arms; and now his whole form could be seen as he went up the slope by the temple. It was there he meant to pause, as

he then could throw a glance to her across the concourse in the square. He would turn—she caught her breath. What was he doing? What could he be thinking about? Another step, and it would be too late. Ah! he was gone, and he had not looked back.

The sun shone down as brightly as before, the shadows shifted warily, but Carmine saw neither sunshine nor shadow. It was not the same world it had been five minutes before. Domenico had ceased to love her.

For one long moment Carmine stood white and trembling, shaken by that most terrible of all despair, the tearless sobbing of the heart. Then God unlocked her tears. She turned to the silent disk that had witnessed so many vows, false and true, and on its worn old face wept out the grief and shame of her stricken soul. Tears bitter and sad, but not shed in vain, for angels gather up the tears of innocent maidens to wash away the sins of suffering sisters.

IV.

"I think you had better go back to your painting. I feel inclined to be quiet for half an hour. You may not have another chance."

Domenico rose from his knees and went over to the easel. He took up his palette and a bundle of brushes, hastily drew one out, flicked up a colour here and there and touched in at random; then he raised his hand and looked at it: it was trembling. He dashed the brushes to the ground. "I cannot paint to-day; you know it."

Julia slowly turned her magnificent head towards the easel and slightly raised her marked eyebrows. "I have

two gods—Rank and Money; that the one could buy the other."

"You have those two gods."

"Do you suppose I can rest as a miserable Contessa?"

an insane idea seized him that he could save this magnificent creature from life with such a man.

Once more he was on his knees by her side, pleading with all the pity of his soul, the passion of his love in his beautiful face.

"You mistake the situation. The Prince and I understand each other exactly. There is no selling in the question. When money and rank marry, the world considers it a fair bargain on both sides."

"Such unions are unholy. There will come a day when you, too, will love—will know the agony of it."

"There you are wrong; to me love is not a necessity."

"But you inspire men with love. You take hold of them—you compel them to love you."

"I have never demanded love from any man."

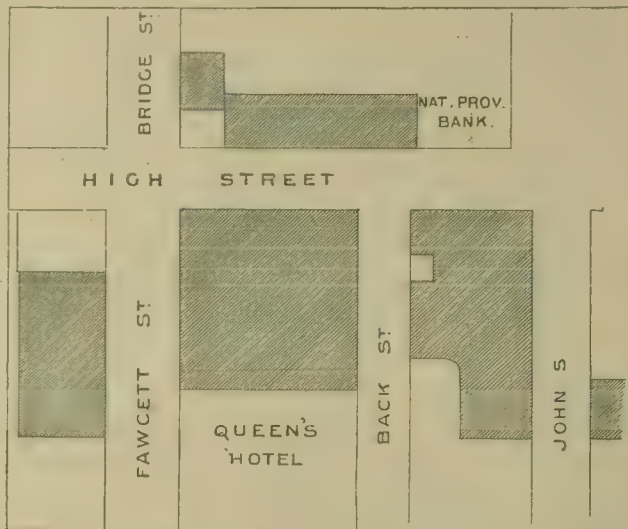
"Then what have you been doing with me all these weeks?"

"Amusing myself."

He rose. For a moment he bent over her, taking in every feature of her magnificent beauty. Then he went across to the easel, took out a pocket-knife, drew the sharp blade deliberately down the centre of the face of the picture, turned, bowed low to the woman who had fooled him, and went out of her sight for ever.

In the old olive-tree above the projecting rock Carmine waits in the twilight, looking down the great plain that stretches even unto the walls of Rome. She may be waiting still; but this I do know: when the first bitterness of his humiliation is over, Domenico will go across the plain.

THE END.



THE GREAT SUNDERLAND FIRE: PLAN OF THE AREA.
THE BURNT-OUT PORTION IS SHADED.

It did very well for my mother, to whom all titles were the same, but it does not do for me."

"You mean—"

"To be the first Princess of Rome. Ah, flowers!" as

even unto the walls of Rome. She may be waiting still; but this I do know: when the first bitterness of his humiliation is over, Domenico will go across the plain.



HIGH STREET, SUNDERLAND, DURING THE FIRE.



FAWCETT STREET, SUNDERLAND, AFTER THE FIRE.

not seen the portrait for some days; let me see it. Why, it is finished!"

"No, it wants retouching in many places. It is the finishing touches that take the time. I must have some more sittings," and he flashed a glance from his large eloquent eyes.

"I said it was done; and I compliment you on having timed it so well."

"It is not finished, it has only just begun," returned he enigmatically.

She scanned his face closely, and her fine brows slightly contracted. Was he going to be troublesome after all? The sittings must come to an end to-day: the picture was finished; the man was tamed. She had played her game to the minute, but then she had played it so many times before.

She threw her head back on the cushions. "I have enjoyed these sittings more than anything else that has come my way for a long time."

"Why put an end to them?"

"Because the end is attained."

"What end?"

Again she looked at him, and this time her beautiful face expressed solely calm surprise. "Was not the portrait the reason of these sittings?"

"The portrait, of course." Then he started up. "Holy Mother! are you human?"

"Perhaps not, as you define it. 'Remember, at our first sitting I gave you fair warning.'"

"You did, and I—"

"My mother used to say that in America there were

a servant brought in an enormous bouquet in an antique silver bowl. The card that accompanied it was that of Prince Nemi.

Domenico started. Then the old Prince Nemi was the



RUINS OF HAVELOCK HOUSE AND QUEEN'S HEAD HOTEL, SUNDERLAND.

deus ex machina. She was indeed selling herself to the devil. A great pity swept into the man's heart and mingled with the passion that this woman had kindled within him. She did not know what she was doing; and

GREAT FIRE IN SUNDERLAND.

Sunderland has suffered heavily by a great fire which broke out shortly after ten o'clock on the night of Monday, July 18, and raged with unabated fury for many hours, completely burning out an extensive area in the business part of the city. The fire originated in a large drapery establishment in Fawcett Street, and owing to the strong wind which prevailed at the time, spread very quickly to the adjoining streets. In High Street and John Street, great damage was done, a solicitor's premises, the offices of the Sunderland Conservative Association, the house of a firm of merchant tailors, an india-rubber warehouse, an hotel, and another drapery establishment being entirely consumed. In all fifty places of business have suffered. In the early hours of Tuesday morning the fire was got under, but about eight o'clock the same night a fresh outbreak occurred among the smouldering ruins in High Street. This, however, was fortunately got under without delay. The damage is very great, and has been estimated at an amount between £200,000 and £250,000. A large portion is covered by insurance, but the general loss must have been severe. Our illustrations show the area burnt out and various scenes of the conflagration. The fierceness of the fire may be judged from the condition of the windows in the houses opposite. We are indebted to Mr. C. E. Cowper, of Sunderland, for the photographs from which our illustrations have been reproduced.

T H E S P A N I S H - A M E R I C A N W A R .



Indiana.

Almirante Oquendo.

Iowa.

Vizcaya.

Maria Teresa.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET OUTSIDE SANTIAGO HARBOUR ON JULY 3.

From a Sketch by a Correspondent.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Brunetière's Essays in French Literature. Translated by D. Nichol Smith. (F. Fisher Unwin.)
Memoirs of Alexander Gardner. Edited by Major Hugh Pearse. With an Introduction by Sir Richard Temple. (Blackwood.)
Poets' Walk: an Introduction to English Poetry. Chosen and Arranged by Mowbray Morris. (Macmillan.)
Our Fathers Have Told Us. By John Ruskin. (George Allen.)
The Bible of St. Mark. By Alexander Robertson. (D.D. (George Allen.)
Travels and Life in Ashanti and Jaman. By Richard A. O. Freeman. (Constable and Co.)
The Life of William Terriss. By Arthur J. Smythe. (Constable and Co.)
Prices of Books. By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. The Library Series. (George Allen.)
Songs of Action. By A. Conan Doyle. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)
Over the Alps on a Bicycle. By Mrs. Pennell. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. (F. Fisher Unwin.)

It may be allowed in the first place to congratulate the translator of M. Brunetière's essays on the satisfactory achievement of a difficult task. One of M. Brunetière's most recurrent themes is the "social" character of French literature; and surely "sociability" is the element most apt to evaporate in the process of distilling ideas from one language to another. Nevertheless, no small portion of the grace and fluency of the originals remains in these secondary forms of them; and as the author is personally responsible for the selection of the essays, they may be considered a fair epitome of his best work. His criticism is at once luminous and suggestive; and the suavity of his style, which shimmers even through the borrowed language, is such as English writers envy but few can emulate. His comprehensive view of European literatures is charmingly—too wordy is permissible in speaking of M. Brunetière's work—candid and unbiased. In classifying English literature as mainly "individualistic" and French as mainly "social"—both epithets have to be explained in his own pleasant way—he certainly does no less than justice to England and no more than justice to France. As for Germany, is there not a touch of humour which is just clear of malice in this judgment?—"The Frenchman piques himself on speaking clearly about matters which are sometimes profound, but the German seems to glorify himself too often on stating obscurely matters which are clear." But then, as M. Brunetière decides, the characteristic of German literature is its "philosophy."

The profession of soldier of fortune is well-nigh extinct in these days, and has, indeed, fallen into some disrepute; for we, humaner than our fathers, have come to demand the patriotic motive as the only apology for the barbaric fighting instinct. Alexander Gardner, "Colonel of Artillery in the service of Maharajah Ranjit Singh," was, however, frankly an adventurer; perhaps the last of a great race. He fought neither for England nor for America, his native place, though he was of Scottish extraction. He simply let himself loose in Central Asia, and fought whenever the occasion for fighting occurred. In those days the willing sword had no need to grow rusty in Afghanistan. He first espoused, quite by chance, the cause of Habib-ulla Khan (a nephew of Dost Muhammad), who continued to wage warfare with his uncle till Gardner found himself left at the head of eight men, sorely wounded, and rode home, to find his wife and child slaughtered, his wife by her own hand lest she should fall alive into the power of ruthless foes. Then Gardner was for months a fugitive, even a brigand when there was the excuse of starvation. His adventures among the wild peoples of Kafiristan were as romantic as any "Arabian Night." Throughout all, his luck held good; and when the great Maharajah of the Sikhs—this was in 1832—showed him his military stores and asked if he understood the management of artillery, Gardner happened to find a slip of paper among the fuses giving (in English) all the necessary instructions. So, in a few days, he provided the Maharajah with a display of shells; and the rest he picked up for himself. Of his amusing efforts in Ranjit Singh's service, of the appalling anarchy and bloodshed—chequered here and there with instances of the most sublime heroism and devotion—which attended the subsequent scrambles for the throne, nothing need be said but that it is the world's loss that Gardner did not turn deliberate historian in the later years of his long life. These few notes which Major Pearse has so carefully and appreciatively edited are mere jottings—almost painfully inadequate, one feels, to the tremendous dramatic significance of the events with which they deal. And that previous and more elaborate volume of Gardner's travels in Kafiristan, which was lent to Sir Alexander Burnes, and destroyed when that unfortunate officer was murdered at Kabul—how will not the reader of these Memoirs regret its loss! The breed of Ishmaelites is dying out; and it is part of the perversity of things that while Special Commissioners should traverse continents to make one volume, every sort of experience, the most strange, the most tragic, the most beautiful, should have fallen in the way of this lonely and unknown old man, who did not see pen and paper for years together.

Mr. Morris's is a pleasant addition to the serviceable little anthologies of the "Golden Treasury Series." It is intended, primarily, to appeal to the tastes of schoolboys—the compiler, in a genial preface, dedicates it to Eton—but children of larger growth will find equal pleasure in a collection which includes most of the favourites from the times of Elizabeth to those of Victoria.

Dr. Robertson has so frankly adopted Mr. Ruskin's scheme for his description of the Church of St. Mark's at Venice that there is a certain appropriateness in the result of his labours being published at the same time as "Our Fathers Have Told Us." The Ruskinian reprint has, for sub-title, "The Bible of Amiens," and is devoted largely to showing how the ancient folk of the city put all their knowledge of religion into the stone and wood of their Cathedral. Dr. Robertson works out that idea in much more elaborate form in the case of St. Mark's. Not without a certain whimsicality, he treats the façade as the title-page, and proceeds to deal in great detail with the Old Testament as represented in the Atrium, and the New Testament as

represented in the Interior. His main point is that there is preserved and exhibited in St. Mark's "an open Bible and absolute freedom from priestly domination"—a freedom mainly due to the peculiar constitution of Venice at the time when the church was built. It is remarkable that the more distinctively "Romish" doctrines, as apart from the purely Scriptural ones, find little or no place in St. Mark's. Nothing there savours of Mariolatry; as Mr. Ruskin says, "she [Mary] is not here the presiding deity." Perhaps the most valuable feature of Dr. Robertson's volume is the exquisite photographs, most of which are of portions of the architecture which have never been photographed before—which, in some cases, it was impossible to photograph before.

It is well that so authentic, so exhaustive, and so lucid a record as that by the Boundary Commissioner of the Gold Coast should be published before the old order in Ashanti has quite given place to the new. A few years, and the country of King Prempeh will know him no more. For better or worse, the red of the British Empire tends to obliterate the local hues and barbaric shades in which ethnologists delight; and the history of savage Ashanti, if not written now, will never be written at all. Not that Mr. Freeman's handsome volume is exactly history, though it contains a few chapters that may justly come under that head. It is rather a record of personal experiences, and local customs, as exact and authoritative as the published "travels" of military officers just back from the capture of Kumasi are cursory. Even the relics of King Prempeh which have recently figured so largely in London sale-rooms were significant of a people interesting beyond the average of savage races. Of their sculpture—which reminded him of Egyptian monuments—their music, their religion, and their industries, Mr. Freeman has much that is curious to say. Either other savages have been libelled, or the Ashantis are nobler than the rest, for the usual offerings of gaudy cotton and poor gin were received with criticism and grimacing. Exeter Hall will be glad to hear that, in Mr. Freeman's opinion, "fire-water is one of the many popular delusions in regard to West Africa." The natives dislike it; and their way of discouraging its importation is to establish an etiquette which compels the stranger to drink first.

Mr. Smythe's "Life of William Terriss" gives the impression of having been too hastily thrown together. At all events, beyond a few elementary facts of biography, it adds little of value or interest to the popular conception of one of its favourite actors. Indeed, some of the reminiscences might have been withheld without loss to the public or injustice to the dead. It is not a very happy tribute to publish details of practical jokes which, while they might be inflicted without offence on an indulgent brother, look something worse than bald in cold print. Poor Terriss's career, which ended so tragically, was adventurous enough to have supplied better material than this, for he tempted fortune in both North and South America before he accepted his true vocation. The book contains, however, a good collection of Terriss's photographs, as well as a rather hysterical appreciation by Mr. Clement Scott. One anecdote is striking. When it was suggested that he should play Marat in "Charlotte Corday," Terriss shuddered. "No," he said; "horrible! I could not bear that scene with the knife."

Mr. Wheatley's "Prices of Books" is essentially a book for the bibliophile, being concerned mainly with the auction sales of the last two centuries. There is a serviceable index, and a specially interesting chapter is devoted to the adventures of Shakespeare's works in the market. The enormous prices now paid do not date further back than 1864, when Baroness Burdett-Coutts bought a First Folio for £716. At the beginning of the century, according to Beloe, the same book could have been had for nine guineas, and the fine copy in the British Museum is marked £8 18s. 6d. So far as modern authors are concerned, first editions of Brownings' "Pauline" and Ruskin's "Poems" fetch, perhaps, the best prices, but the fluctuations of the sale-room are very curious. The literary "hammer" has never done a more amazing stroke of business than when, last February, it knocked down a Kilmarnock Burns of 1786 for £372.

It is, as a rule, irrelevant and unfair to compare one man's work with another's; but any theory of Dr. Conan Doyle's "Songs of Action" is incomplete which leaves out of account his indebtedness to the "Barrack-Room Ballads." It is quite safe to say that but for the one book we should never have had the other. So persuasive has been the Barrack-room influence, that we catch in these spirited "Songs" the other's trick of multiplying subsidiary rhymes, his characteristic management of the chorus, and even aspirations after his amazing technicalities. Only aspirations, happily! Dr. Doyle does not at every page send us bewildered to atlas and dictionary, though "The Frontier Line," with its—

From Bhamo south to Kiang-mai,
 and its—
 On Lixor's sand,
 Where Karnak's painted pillars stand,
 Or where the river runs between
 The Ethiop and Bishareen,

reminds one not a little of the geographical intricacies of "The Flag of England." When all is said, there remain to Dr. Doyle's credit some of the most stirring rhymes of this age of new-awakened Imperialism. Two little pieces in particular, "The Song of the Bow" and "A Ballad of the Banks," deserve to become classics of their kind. The patriotic string, however, is but one of many on which Dr. Doyle harps tunefully and cheerily. His Muse is as versatile in verse as in prose.

In Mrs. Pennell's little book the work is more equally divided than usual between author and artist; and it need hardly be said that the sketches are of the cleverest. Amusing, too, in its unconventional way is Mrs. Pennell's account of her tribulations with glaciers and gradients. But the first woman to cross the Alps on a bicycle is bound to have more than the sex's share of originality.

A LITERARY LETTER.

I very much regret the death as a weekly journal of the *New York Critic*. The paper had a bright, unconventional, literary touch, which, in a nation of sixty millions of people, should, one would have thought, have secured for it an unqualified success, a success greater than any literary paper can hope for in England. In America, however, purely literary journals do not appear to flourish, at least not in a weekly form. Miss Gilder, the accomplished editor of the *Critic*, writes to me that "England is the home of weekly, America of monthly literary publications." This would in a measure seem to be true. The most successful of American weekly literary journals is the *Nation*, which is largely a reprint from the *Inst* of New York. It is a dull, heavy, "aloof" kind of journal, which says many excellent things both political and literary, but it has nothing approaching the humane note of our own *Spectator*, and it is far heavier, so heavy, in fact, that one distinguished American author, whose name carries weight, has insisted that the *Nation* is responsible for yellow journalism in that it had produced a reaction from such appalling dullness.

Other weeklies with a literary tendency are the *Literary World*, of Boston, and *Literature*, which came from the London *Times* and has been taken up with considerable vigour by Harper Brothers of New York, with what success is not yet apparent. The *Chap Book*, which treats of literary topics with considerable capacity, although it will never have the fascination for some of us that it had when it appeared in smaller form, is published fortnightly. There are two strong literary monthlies in New York, the older of which, the *Bookbuyer*, is issued by the house of Scribner. It is a delightful publication, with many interesting illustrations, and a capable London Letter, and it abounds in well-considered reviews. Its rival, which appeared many years later, but which has, I believe, more than doubled the circulation of the *Bookbuyer*, is the *Bookman*, which is an offshoot of the *Bookman* edited in London by Dr. Robertson Nicoll. Dr. Nicoll is the London correspondent of the New York *Bookman*, and a great deal of the matter which appears in the London *Bookman* is lifted into the New York publication. The *Bookman* is published by Dodd, Mead, and Co., and its editors are Mr. James Macarthur, an enthusiastic Scotsman, and Professor Peck. It has been, I understand, an unqualified success, and has a sale which many a non-literary publication in this country might well envy.

"Rupert of Hentzau," the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," has appeared at last. The publisher is Mr. Arrowsmith, who was the original publisher of "The Prisoner of Zenda," the story which made for "Anthony Hope" his well-deserved reputation. Mr. Arrowsmith has been wise enough to include Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's interesting drawings, which served to illustrate the story as it appeared in *McClure's Magazine*. They are incomparably superior to the illustrations of the same story in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Those who have not read "Rupert of Hentzau" as it appeared in magazine form have a genuine pleasure in store. The book is one of the most charming and attractive that has been added to English fiction for many a day. I would rather, indeed, have been the creator of Rudolf Rassendyll and the Queen of Ruritania—to say nothing of Major Sapt—than of almost any other people that have crossed the romantic stage for these ten years. There was a period in this sequel when I thought that it would fall lamentably short of "The Prisoner of Zenda," but as a matter of fact the concluding pages of the book are among the most beautiful things in modern literature.

The *Academy* quotes my suggestion that Stevenson's house in Samoa should be purchased by the committee of the Stevenson Memorial Fund, and should be set up somewhere in his native country. That too-flippant journal does not, however, take the proposition seriously, and caps it by the suggestion that the house might be purchased for the publishing-offices of the *Outlook*, the clever little paper which must have made the name of Stevenson thoroughly tiresome in the eyes of its subscribers by its constant references to him.

The suggestion, however, that Stevenson's house in Samoa should be purchased is not really an absurd one. There are few greater literary pleasures than a visit to one or other of the houses associated with men of letters. To visit the house of Goethe or the house of Schiller at Weimar is to an enthusiast for German letters an experience which moves deeply; and a kindred feeling is excited when one goes through the house of Scott at Abbotsford, the cottage of Wordsworth at Grasmere, the Shakespeare house at Stratford, and the Carlyle house in Chyne Row. With the exception of Abbotsford, every one of the houses I have mentioned is now a public trust, in which a subscription is paid for admission. It is quite impossible that any but some dozen or so of Stevenson's hero-worshippers can ever visit Samoa. His house will, in all probability, in a few years be destroyed. It would probably be purchasable for some £700 or £800, and it could be set up on a piece of land somewhere in the British Isles for at least another £200. This is about the sum which has been actually collected by the Stevenson Memorial Committee.

What do the Committee propose to do with the money subscribed? There have been suggestions of a statue, which have been duly ridiculed; and there has been lately a suggestion that a memorial tablet should be set up in a Presbyterian church—an absolutely preposterous suggestion when it is considered that Stevenson belonged to the world of English letters, and not to any religious denomination. It would be exceedingly interesting for all Stevenson's admirers to know precisely the kind of house in which he lived, and to see the room in which he died. A small entrance fee, as at Stratford and at Weimar, would cover all expenditure of attendants and of repairs; and, indeed, I have not the faintest doubt that whether it be carried out or not, mine is the only possible plan of a memorial to Stevenson which is in the least worth putting into execution.

C. K. S.



THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.



THE FIRST FLAG OF TRUCE.

FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.

'After the battle of El Caney a flag of truce was brought into the American lines by a Spanish "Brother of the Christian Faith."

BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
IN EDINBURGH.

Medicine and Edinburgh have historic associations in the annals of the national life of Scotland. True, it may be that beside the picturesque traditions of its civil and religious struggles, and in contrast with the glamour which a score of literary giants threw over it at the end of the last and the beginning and middle of the present century, the medical record may appear colourless and prosaic. But, nevertheless, no one whose pride it is to be called a citizen of that no mean city can fail to recall that although the people of Edinburgh have claimed as household names George Buchanan, Sir Walter Scott, Adam Smith, David Hume, Christopher North, Thomas Chalmers, and John Stuart Blackie, they have often in their flowing cups freshly remembered Cullen, Black, James Gregory, Robert Liston, James Young Simpson, James Syme, Robert Christison, the Bells, Edward Forbes, Goodsir, Joseph Lister, and John Brown; in the case of the latter, medicine and letters combining in a beautiful whole, adding a refining touch to the beloved physician and lending a far-seeing eye to the poetic prose artist.

And it is not to disparage the other elements that combine to form the academic life of Edinburgh to say that it is the Medical School of Edinburgh which to-day, in the first place, commands the regard of the world. The distinctive legal and theological systems of the Scot deprive the faculties of law and theology of the privilege (or odium, as the case may be) of comparison, and it would be a dangerous thing for us to attempt to pass a comparative judgment on the philosophical reputation of the Arts faculty; but with regard to medicine the most timorous can with confidence speak in unmeasured terms not only of its unexampled record, but also of the proud position which it takes to-day in the very front rank of the world's centres of medical culture.

It would be difficult to select one word which might express in a comprehensive way the distinctive character of the Edinburgh teaching. For want of a better we might use a word that has long been almost a birthright of the Lowland Scot, and that is the word philosophical. Philosophy is counted in Edinburgh as one of the higher virtues, without which one's intellectual bones are marrowless and one's dialectic, rhetoric, or scientific ability is as Dead Sea fruit. It cannot only be the legacy of past splendour, nor any physical or economic superiority of the northern capital, which attracts students in shoals not only from our own colonies and dependencies, but from nations many of which are antagonistic to all that pertains to religion, morals, and the general economy of living.

After a lapse of some twenty-three years, the British Medical Association has visited Edinburgh, and has found there a splendidly equipped School of Medicine. Its men have proved themselves as active in medical research as ever, and the means at the disposal of the students for initiative or original work have been multiplied tenfold. It has altogether been a remarkable meeting—a matter of

congratulation to the City, the School, and the Association. The stately new McEwan Hall, gift of a type of generous citizen which seems endemic in Edinburgh, the elaborately constructed new University buildings, the splendid new Infirmary, and the various extensive developments of the work of the University and its foster-brothers, the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, have all attracted the attention they deserved, and brought with it admiration and congratulation, although in the nature of things many an *olim civis* has found more delight in wandering in many strange nooks and corners haloed with the glamour of far-off days when there were no Students' Union, no McEwan Hall, no new Infirmary, but cruder methods, and, perhaps, altogether a cruder life, but which may suggest to him in the midst of all the elaboration, precision, and respect-

over by Dr. John Duncan, that of obstetrics by Professor Simpson, and State medicine by Sir Henry Littlejohn, at which important discussions took place on river-pollution, on the hygienic control of milk supplies, and on the plea of insanity in criminal cases. The section of psychology, presided over by Dr. Clouston, embraced discussions on suicide and hypnotism, a feature of the latter being the presence of a distinguished layman in the person of Mr. F. W. H. Myers. Dr. Byrom Bramwell officiated as president of the neurology section, and Professor Greenfield in the pathology section; while the section of pharmacology had Dr. Affleck at its head. Dr. Argyll Robertson was the natural president of the section of ophthalmology, and Dr. McBride that of laryngology. The section of diseases of children had Dr. Joseph Bell in the chair; dermatology, Dr. Allan Jamieson;

medicine in its relation to life assurance, Dr. Claud Muirhead; tropical diseases, Dr. Patrick Manson; anatomy, Sir John Struthers, and physiology, Professor Rutherford.

Many and numerous were the papers read, and distinction was added to the discussion by medical scientists of note from Vienna, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Heidelberg, St. Petersburg, and from the British colonies. The organisation of the meeting lay chiefly in the experienced and untiring hands of Dr. Philip and Dr. Shaw McLaren, who were assisted ably and disinterestedly not only by the members of the medical profession in Edinburgh, but by the citizens in general. For the meeting was far from being a mere vantage ground for the display of scientific and medical opinion. Primarily, the object in view is to obtain more and more light on the unending task of attempting to diminish the sum of human suffering; but, secondarily, the older Adam has its claims, and these claims were met by social functions arranged on a scale at once elaborate and catholic. Peer, civic authority, and private citizen combined to make the meeting memorable for an unequalled display of cordial, yet unostentatious hospitality; and it was not the least pleasing part of the conference that the members of the

British Medical Association were able on most occasions to associate the toast of "Floreat Res Medica" with that of "Vivant et mulieres, dulces et amabiles."

The extension of London's breathing-spaces continues to occupy the public attention. On Saturday, July 23, the Duchess of Albany formally opened as a general recreation-ground one of the Highgate Woods, part of the ancient forest of Middlesex—Queen's Wood as it will now be called—a beautiful piece of country where the anemone and bluebell still flourish. Islington will find the newly opened wood a welcome retreat for a holiday afternoon. The Golders Hill acquisition scheme is also meeting with well-deserved support, the Hampstead Vestry having recommended that £10,000 be subscribed, while the L.C.C. Parks Committee proposes to contribute £12,000 towards the purchase. The exquisite view is now practically saved, thanks mainly to Mr. T. J. Barratt's fine public spirit.



Photo Larder, Brantley.
SIR HENRY LITTLEJOHN,
President of the Section of State Medicine.



Photo Chancellor, Dr. J. M.
SIR THOMAS GRAINGER STEWART,
President of the British Medical Association.



Photo Marshall Ware, Edinburgh.
SIR JOHN BATTY TUKE,
President Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh.



Photo Tunny, Edinburgh.
DR. T. S. CLOUSTON,
President of the Section of Psychology.



Photo Simon Watson, Edinburgh.
PROFESSOR THOMAS ANNANDALE,
Deliverer of the Address on Surgery.



Photo Moffat, Edinburgh.
PROFESSOR T. R. FRASER,
Deliverer of the Address on Medicine.



Photo Elliott and Fry, London.
PROFESSOR JOHN CHIENE,
President Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.



Photo Simon Watson, Edinburgh.
DR. R. W. PHILIP,
Honorary Secretary.

ability the remark, "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

The general work of the Association has been conducted in sixteen sections, all of which met every day from ten to two, and discussed various and important questions in connection with their own particular departments. Sir Thomas Grainger Stewart, Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University and Physician to the Queen for Scotland, presided over the whole meeting, and delivered the presidential address.

Of the three set addresses delivered before the whole Association Professor Fraser gave the address on medicine, Professor Annandale the address on surgery, and Sir John Batty Tuke the address on psychological medicine.

Dr. George Balfour presided over the section of medicine, at which section one of the most important debates was that opened by Sir William Broadbent on vascular tension. The section of surgery was presided



1. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 2. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 3. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 4. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 5. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 6. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 7. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 8. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 9. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 10. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 11. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 12. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 13. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 14. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 15. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 16. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge. 17. Aiguilles-Rouges: The Hospice de la Vierge.

IN THE FRENCH ALPS: SAVOY AND DAUPHINY.

See Next Page

CONTINENTAL WATERING-PLACES
AND TOURIST RESORTS.

SAVOY, DAUPHINY, AND BOURBONNAIS.

At the approach of the fine season of the year, when everything moves on to make a pleasant and health-giving sojourn in the country or abroad, our readers will, no doubt, be pleased to have presented to them views of certain interesting Continental centres along with some useful and practical information in reference to these places.

First of all, then, we will speak of Aix-les-Bains, one of the healthiest spots in Europe, its climate being wonderfully suited to persons having weak chests or nervous constitutions; hence its fame for centuries and centuries past. Before being what it now is—namely, the most picturesque and most elegant of European watering-places, frequented by her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the Queens Emma and Wilhelmina of Holland, it had been the most famous sanatorium of antiquity: the *Aqua Allobrogum* of the Romans and the *Aqua Gratiana* patronised by the Emperor Gratianus, the founder of Grenoble.

The Cercle, founded in 1824, contains a fine theatre entirely lighted with the electric light, and capable of accommodating seven hundred spectators. Here are given operas, comic operas, and vaudevilles, often performed by the best-known artists.

But the finest Alpine excursion that can be made on leaving Aix-les-Bains is without doubt, that to Chamounix and Mont Blanc. The route to be followed is wonderful; the proper starting-point is the town of Annecy, situated on a lake of wonderful beauty, dominated by peaks of 1800 to 2400 metres in height. These are easy of access, and offer extensive panoramas of the French, Swiss, and Italian Alps, as well as of the neighbouring lakes. The shores of the lake of Annecy—the rendezvous every summer of the *Club* of Parisian society—offer delicious retreats buried in verdure, charming hot-spring stations, like *Menthon-les-Bains*, or climatic stations, like *Talloires*, *Duingt*, and *Sévrier*.

Three fine steamers run upon the Lake of Annecy. On the one that leaves port at midday (the *Mont Blanc*) meals may be had either at table d'hôte or separately. From Annecy to Chamounix tourists have the choice of two interesting routes—one by steamer and diligence to Chamounix, the other by Geneva and *Payet-Saint Gervais-les-Bains*. This is the terminus of the new section of the line opened on June 15.

Chamounix, chief canton-town of the Department of Haute Savoie (France), is situated at an elevation of 1050 metres above sea-level, and lies in a beautiful valley, offering splendid views, both wild and picturesque, which make a sojourn here one of incomparable delight. The torrent of the Arve, which crosses it from north-east to south-west, and the immense forests of fir-trees combine to add to its wonderful beauties.

No sooner do visitors to Chamounix arrive than they spread themselves—alpenstock and *piolet* in hand—over all the points to which excursions are usually made. Families who have a number of mules at their service betake themselves to Montanvers to make the classic trip across the *Mer de Glace* to the glacier of *Bossons*, and to the *Pierre Pointue*, the *Chapeau*, and *La Flégère*.

Besides Aix-les-Bains, Annecy, and Chamounix, Savoie possesses other well-known hot springs and other excursion centres. We may place in this category Thonon and Evian on the shores of the fine lake of Léman, and Lans-le-Bourg, on the side of Mont Cenis and Bonneval-sur-Arc, a charming Alpine station at the mouth of the Col de l'Iseran. There is also a direct and rapid service of trains, via Mont Cenis, to all parts of Italy by the Italian Mediterranean railways.

In communication with the station of *Moutiers-Salins* by a regular service of diligences (four hours' journey; fare, 5*fr.*) is *Pralognan*, at the foot of the magnificent glaciers of *La Vanoise*, which justifies its second name of "*Chamounix de la Tarentaise*."

The ascent—one of the finest in the Alps—of the *Dôme*

Sappey, which presents during the descent a splendid view of the mountains. Comfortable hotels rise upon the spurs of the chain of *Belledonne*.

But the richest gem of Dauphiny is incontestably the extraordinary route (steam tramway from Grenoble or Vizille to Bourg-d'Oisans, regular diligence service beyond) from Grenoble to Briançon, which passes by three excursion centres of the first order—Bourg-d'Oisans, La Grave, and Lautaret, and facilitates the visit to the range of *Pelvoux*, the most important in Dauphiny. Its rugged peaks vary in height from 3000 metres to 4000 metres (the extreme summit, *Barre-des-Ecrins*, attains even to 4103 metres), and its immense glaciers are often compared to those of *Monte Rosa* and the *Oberland*. *La Meije* is the queen of this colony of summits; she is crowned by three peaks—the Eastern, the Central, and the Western Peak: Opposite to *La Meije* and *Râteau* (3754 metres), *La Grave* is an Alpine centre of the first order, and 476 metres higher in elevation than Chamounix. The reputation of its guides has already been made.

Lautaret (hotel, and several chalet-hotels) is an elevated point of view on the route from Grenoble to Briançon (2075 metres in elevation). Celebrated for its Alpina flora, which numbers no less than 1500 different species, *Lautaret* forms a verdant plateau surrounded on all sides by majestic peaks and glaciers.

To tourists who wish to continue their journey from Lyons to Paris and Calais we cannot too strongly recommend the route from Bourbonnais via *St. Etienne* and *St. Germain-des-Fossés*, so as to permit of a passing visit to *Vichy*, the queen of European watering-places. *Vichy* has several establishments where the waters may be taken, fine shops for the sale of works of art, concerts and theatrical representations, exhibitions of pictures, and finally, charming environs, all of which justify the popularity of this watering-place, which is unique in the world.

The districts which we have just described are reached in the most direct way by the railway line of Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée (or P.L.M.): (1) By the Northern of France (Nord) line in connection with the service of the London, Chatham, and Dover, and South-Eastern Railways (Calais-Dover) and the South-Eastern Railway (Folkestone-Boulogne); and (2) by the Western of France (l'Ouest) line in connection with the London and Brighton (Newhaven-Dieppe) and South-Western (Southampton-Havre) Railways. In connection with the Folkestone-Boulogne route, the Great

Western Railway Company have recently commenced an express service from the principal stations on their lines, via *Reading* and *Folkestone*, leaving *Liverpool* at 7.57 a.m. The P.L.M. line is famed for its fast trains and the comfort of the carriages and facilities of through bookings.

From June 15 to November of this year the fastest train for Aix-les-Bains leaves the Paris station of the P.L.M. at 9.15 p.m., arriving at its destination next morning at 6.49. For the return journey passengers must take the through train from Italy, which passes Aix-les-Bains at 9.4 p.m., arriving next morning in Paris at 6.57.

As regards Dauphiny the fastest train for Grenoble leaves Paris (P.L.M.) at 8.20 p.m., and reaches its destination at 8.6 a.m. next day.

Lastly, in order to reach *Vichy*, the best train leaves Paris (P.L.M.) at 8.30 a.m., arriving at 3.20 in the evening. In returning from *Vichy*, by taking the train which leaves at 10.32 p.m. Paris is reached next morning at 6.20.



HOMEWARD BOUND.—BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.

From the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists.

THE SOUDAN ADVANCE: SCENES ON THE NILE.



HOW THE SECTIONS OF THE GUN-BOATS WERE TAKEN UP THE NILE.



AMERICAN-BUILT ENGINE ON THE LINE TO WADY HALFA.

In a recent issue we illustrated the recreations of our gallant Egyptian army. Our readers will recall our correspondent's spirited pictures of the "Atbara Derby," with its attendant humours, which tended to make one think that soldiering, even in the desert, must after all

With the military forces go the great forces of civilisation—the railway, the telegraph, and the steam-boat.

The railroad through the Soudan is rapidly growing, and latest advices report that the telegraph from Suakin to Kassala and Berber is also making good progress. Over one hundred and thirty miles of the Kassala line are now complete, while the hundred miles will soon be chronicled as laid towards Berber.

Some time in August it is expected that both lines will be finished and in full operation. The presence of the railway has, curiously enough, proved an aid to the navigation of the upper Nile. The cataracts, that world-old obstacle, necessarily offer a formidable

landing-place on the Nile bank, complete an interesting set of scenes from the Soudan. The advance on Khartoum will likely be begun about the end of August, when the rains have ceased. The Egyptian force between Atbara and Abu Hamed numbers about 9000 infantry and four



A TYPICAL NILE STEAMER.



A SECTIONAL GUN-BOAT LAUNCHED.

impediment to gun-boats, but these have been built in sections and conveyed by rail to a point convenient for launching. Our illustrations show the sections as they appeared when placed on the railway-trucks ready for transport, the process of unloading, and the hull of the gun-boat pieced together and floated, awaiting its final fitment. The Nile steam-boat is also the subject of an interesting picture, and the fine locomotive engine of American build which now rivals the camel as "ship of the desert," by playing the part not only of transport itself but also of transport for ships. A camp of the Sappers, with their characteristic implements in the foreground, and a picture of prisoners at work repairing a



PRISONERS AT WORK.

be rather a gay experience. Now, however, we turn to the more workaday aspect of the affair. If the advance of a conquering army nowadays permits of "up-to-date" recreations such as the Pari-Mutuel, it involves also a great deal of up-to-date technical and scientific labour.

batteries of artillery. The cavalry and Camel Corps are about 900 strong. Before the general advance begins about 20,000 men will be available. Atbara will be the base of operations. The troops will proceed thither by rail, and thence in light marching order along the river bank.



THE SAPPERS' CAMP.



UNLOADING THE SECTIONS OF THE GUN-BOATS.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The history of crime towns with instances of miscarried justice; it is doubtful whether any country has a greater proportion of such errors to its debit than France. Frenchmen will tell one that in nearly every case the memory of the victims has been reinstated in public opinion. They might go still further and add, with a show of truth, that floods of tears have been shed in atonement for the sufferings of the wrongfully accused—especially if their martyrdom was recounted before the footlights. It is, nevertheless, a fact that, with few exceptions, this lachrymal tribute came too late, and that any attempt to make it precede the punishment of the alleged offender proved a dire failure. And almost equally invariably the would-be timely redresser of the wrong met with scorn and contumely from the bulk of his countrymen in acknowledgment of his attempt to infuse some sense into them. M. Emile Zola apparently fares no better than Raspail fared; Raspail no better than Voltaire.

I am not going to repeat the well-known precedents to the Dreyfus case, and expose myself to the risk of being told that the conditions under which Raphael Levy, Calas, Mario Simon, Jeanette Doize, and Madame Lafarge suffered were different from those that prevail to-day. I am simply going to reproduce my private notes of a trial which my Parisian colleagues appear to have entirely overlooked, although they have excellent memories when they like, and although the trial occurred less than thirteen years ago.

My notes are dated Oct. 17, 1885, and run as follows: Last night saw the end of a trial in which Ribout, an artificial flower-maker of the Rue de Strasbourg, Paris, stood arraigned for the murder of his wife by the administration of colchicine, an alkaloid extract of colchicum—*rugosa*, autumn crocus or meadow saffron. The prosecution was based on the ascertained passion for his apprentice, Lucie Quot, whom Ribout married a few months after his wife's death; and between whom and him illicit relations are said to have existed previously to the first Madame Ribout's demise. The medical experts deposed to having found no traces of said poison, because, in their opinion, it did not leave any traces.

Ribout was acquitted, and but for one or two other features connected with the prosecution the note would have closed there. It transpired, however, that contrary to the development of such accusations, the Juge d'instruction—or investigating magistrate—was at first opposed to the trial. The presumption originally was that Ribout had tried to obtain a gramme of colchicine by means of a forged prescription. The chemist to whom he applied had his doubts about the genuineness of the document, and refused to supply the drug. Ribout did not deny the impeachment, but asserted that he wanted the colchicine for the purpose of fixing the colours of some flowers. The greatest publicity had been given to the statements on both sides, yet, odd to relate, no chemist came forward testifying to the supply of the poison, and consequently the magistrate was about to sign an order of *nolle prosequi*—otherwise an *ordonnance de non-lieu*.

At the last moment, though, a fresh incident cropped up, and the present reader may ponder it in connection with the Esterhazy sequel to the Dreyfus case. The Juge d'instruction having failed from the first to cajole, coerce, or worry Ribout into an admission of his guilt, as a last resource deputed two hardened gnat-birds, Stopf and another, to worm out the truth. This is generally done by letting the *coqneur* or *moulin* share the cell of the prisoner. In this instance the experiment was barren of result. Stopf's time having expired, Ribout entrusted him, on the eve of his discharge, with a letter for his young wife. The secret of his mission was communicated by Stopf to an acquaintance, a bird of the same feather, named Touzet, who conceived the idea of blackmailing Madame Ribout by forging her husband's handwriting and concealing an epistle in which he virtually acknowledged his guilt.

The wife communicated with the husband, who, as a matter of course, denied the existence of such a letter, and thereupon she gave information to the police. Touzet was convicted and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Notwithstanding the despicable character of Touzet, the prosecution endeavoured to convict Ribout by means of this letter; and here we have a forecast of one of the Esterhazy-Dreyfus incidents. The expert in calligraphy maintained through thick and thin that Ribout was the writer of the letter. The expert was defeated on all points. Stopf alleged that the letter was fastened inside the body of his trousers by means of pins. There was no trace of the smallest pin-pricks. The expert, not to be outdone, called for the envelope, which, it is said, he knew to have been destroyed; and virtually the prosecution backed him up in his demand.

Is it necessary to comment upon all this? I think not. The name of Voltaire having come under my pen, I am tempted to quote for the pleasure of quoting him, and also because, I fancy, it will interest the reader. His words are better than any comment—

"Un simple fait, conté naïvement,
Ne contenant que la vérité pure,
Narré succinct, sans frivole ornement . . .
Voilà de quoi désarmer la censure.
... . Tableau d'après nature,
S'il est bien fait, n'a besoin de bordure."

With the approach of the "Glorious Twelfth," sportsmen begin to look to the condition of stock, lock, and barrel, and also at the gunmaker's catalogue. From Mr. G. E. Lewis, of Birmingham, we have received an illustrated list of his far-famed arms, where sportsmen should have no difficulty in sighting and bringing down just the very gun they want for all conditions.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
E. J. WINTER WOOD.—We are glad Mr. Law's problem gave you pleasure.
C. DARE (Copenhagen).—Thanks for the game and the problem. The former shall appear as soon as the Vienna Tournament is finished; but we would be much obliged if you would exchange your problem for one in three moves.

C. L. J.—Notwithstanding your painstaking analysis of No. 2857, you cannot fail to notice that if in answer to your move Black plays 1. K to B4th, 2. Q to Q4th, K to K4th (ch), and no mate follows.

F. LANE (Leamington).—Thanks for problems.
W. CLARSON (Eilat) and G. S. JOHNSON.—Duly to hand with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2826 received from Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2825 from F. J. Candy (Norwood) and C. E. H. (Clifton); of No. 2824 from J. D. Tucker (Hilley); E. G. Boys (Eastbourne); D. Bruce Robertson (Oban); C. E. M. (Ayr); F. J. Candy (Norwood); C. E. H. (Clifton); T. M. Smith (Brighton); W. H. Lunn (Cheltenham); O. Pearce (Wotton-under-Edge); Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); S. S. S. (Southampton); T. Y. Senik (Tangue); and G. E. Burrows (Reims).

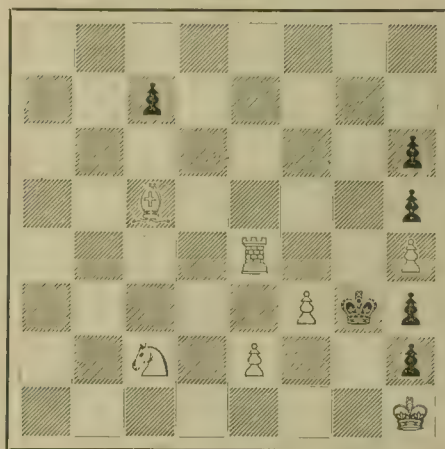
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2831 received from J. Hall, C. E. M. (Ayr); T. H. Parker (Brighton); O. Pearce, Alpha, Edith Carter (Reigate); J. Buley (Newark); C. M. A. B. Malden Burrows (Hastings); J. W. Tait, Hermit, E. J. Winter Wood, James Lees (Port Glasgow), T. Roberts, J. D. Tucker (Hilley), F. Bacon (Finchley), L. Desmages, Miss D. Gregory (Woodbury), G. Scudellier John n (Colburn), S. Davis (Leicester), S. Lindforth, Henry Ome (Bristol), H. S. Blandford, G. Hawkins (Cambridge), Sorrento, Albert Wolff, John M. Robert (Rossign, County Down), J. L. E. P. (Exhill-on-Sea), F. J. Candy (Norwood), Dr. F. St. John G. Lord, T. G. (Ayr), Union Society (Oxford), George Burrell (Tarsanville), T. C. D. (Dulham), J. Craig Davidson (Belfast), H. Le Jeune, Thomas Charlton (Lapham), Captain Spencer, C. E. Penzance, Francis Murray (Leeds), Julius Richter (Birmingham), M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), W. A. D. Bannard (Uppingham), Mrs. Wilson (Hymouth), and C. Simons (Houlney).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2830.—By A. C. TELLINGS.

WHITE.
1. Kt to Kt4th.
2. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2833.—By C. DARE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played in the tournament between MESSRS. BLACKBURNE and JANOWSKI.
(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K4th	P to Q4th	27. R takes R	Q takes R
2. Kt to Q4th	P to K3rd	28. Q to Ksq	Q to Q2nd
3. P to K Kt3rd	Kt to Q4th	29. P to R3rd	P to R4th
4. Kt to K2nd	Kt to B3rd	30. P to Q2nd	P to R5th
5. K Kt to K2nd	P to Q4th	31. Kt to K4th	Q to K4th
6. P takes P	P takes P	32. Kt to B3rd	
Black was not well advised to isolate the Pawn. His black rook, however, was to obtain a free diagonal for the Queen's Bishop, and with a view to the exchange by R to R4th. As it happened the result was the loss of the Pawn. Kt takes P would have kept the game solid.			
7. P to Q4th	P to K3rd	33. B to K2nd	B to B4th
8. Castles	Q to Q2nd	34. K takes B	P to Kt5th
9. R to Ksq	P to K2nd	35. Q to K2nd	Q to Q2nd
10. P takes P	B takes P	36. Q to K4th	B to Q5th
11. Kt to B4th	P takes P	37. R takes P	P to K4th
12. Q Kt takes P	Q takes Kt	38. P takes P	P to B4th
13. B takes Kt	Q R to Qsq	39. Kt to B5th	
14. P to B4th	B to K Kt5th		
15. Q to R4th	Q to B4th		
16. B to K4th	Q to Q5th		
17. B takes Kt	B takes B		
18. Q to Kt4th	P to K Kt4th		
Properly met, as in the present instance, this attack amounts to nothing and only compromises Black's game. The defence would have been care, and was well managed by White.			
19. Q to Q2nd	B to Kt3rd		
20. Kt to Q3rd	P to K R3rd		
21. Kt to K5th	P to K5th		
22. Kt to K2nd	P to Kt2nd		
23. Q to B3rd	P to B3rd		
24. Kt to B3rd	K R to Ksq		
25. R takes R	R takes R		
26. R to Ksq	Q to Q2nd		

We have received the first number of the new volume of the "American Chess Magazine," and if the same issues are maintained at anything like the same standard, it can very well take for its motto "Second to none."

The Vienna Congress has ended at last after nearly two months' play, a period far too long for any tournament. A splendid display was kept up throughout between Messrs. Pillsbury and Tarrasch for first place, and the small difference between their final scores is evidence how nearly they are matched in skill. Mr. Janowski secured third position by admirable play, and his victory over both the leaders in the final round suggested that he was the chances of a long struggle only that gave either of them any advantage whatever over him in the score. Mr. Steinitz worthily comes fourth, and compels our admiration by his indomitable struggle against a burden of years and ill-health. The English representatives do not occupy any prominent place.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The idea of a national movement for the repression of consumption is one which, happily, appears to be growing on the people. If only as a nation we may learn the great and wholesome truth that consumption is a preventable disease, we will surely not be slow to follow up the obvious lesson that fact will convey. For instance, if every consumptive knew and acted upon the information, that the matter coughed up from his lungs contains millions of bacilli, and that this matter, allowed to stay and to become disseminated as air-dust, is calculated to convey the disease to susceptible people who breathe it in, what a fertile source of infection would be avoided! All such infective matter would be duly disinfected, its bacilli destroyed, and a check given to the at present wide-spread dispersal of infectious material. So also tuberculous meat and tuberculous milk would be more rigidly looked for than is the case to-day. We might not be able to stamp out the disease in its entirety—hygienic enthusiasts will not agree with me here—but we should reduce the present high mortality to a miserable minimum that would practically represent an enormous saving of life.

Into the question of the prevention of consumption, of course, the item of heredity enters very prominently. The majority of medical men, I believe, hold that a child, the offspring of tuberculous parents, is not born with the disease already developed in its body, but that such a child differs from a healthy one in the fact that his frame is singularly liable, on account of his inheritance, to act as a soil whereon the bacillus will find a suitable environment. It is the tendency to the disease, rather than to the disease itself, which, in this view of things, is inherited. This is a cheering enough outlook, if only we may be sure of it—at the very least, hygienic advises us to act upon it. For the child, if free from actual tuberculous taint, may so be guarded, clothed, and nourished that a fair prospect of long life may be held up before its eyes. If the tuberculous environment be replaced by one which is unfavourable to infection, the chances of the child's escape become increased in a manifold manner. Vital statistics seem to teach the fact that if the child of consumptive parents be so nourished and cared for that it passes onwards to manhood or womanhood, and if escaping the disease it survives its thirty-sixth year of life without developing the malady, his (or her) expectation of life will be as good as that of the individual who has been born of a healthy stock. There is a great hope, therefore, contained in this declaration for even those who spring from a weakly stock. The opposing view to that I have above indicated is that which holds that infection may be derived from the parents before birth, and that the child may be born with the actual disease latent in its body. I do not know that the evidence for the latter view of things is wholly substantiated.

I suppose in a higher era of things we may hope for disapproval of marriages between those who come of a tuberculous stock, or between any healthy and any tuberculous individual—that is, assuming the taint to be present on one side only. The danger of unions of the latter type is that the affected partner may infect the healthy one. Affections are the last items in the category of human emotions to bear being talked to or advised by science, and I have, therefore, discounted any criticism of my opinions by assuming that it would only be in a higher era of things, when the value and nobility of health are better appreciated, that people will refrain from unions that can only result in the propagation of disease. What applies to tuberculosis in this aspect of affairs applies to many another hereditary ailment. I often think of the sarcasm with which a philosopher from another planet might greet our practice on this when he witnessed the intense and jealous care with which we ensure the health and physical perfection of our horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, and even our pigeons, while as regards our own hereditary history we are absolutely careless. It is an old, old story, this, the problem of inheritance, but despite the plain evidence that disease can be and is transmitted often to the utter undoing of a family, we proceed placidly to ignore all the teachings of science in the matter, and to raise races of weaklings that are born only to die prematurely. Truly here we sow the wind, and reap whirlwinds in excoelsa.

This revival of an interest in the prevention of consumption reminds me that the idea alluded to in this column a year ago in connection with my visit to Davos Platz, of establishing open-air sanatoria, is at last growing on the minds of physicians as a feature in the treatment of consumption worthy to be followed up. At Cromer, there is such a sanatorium in connection with the Norwich Hospital, and there is a private institution of like kind at Bournemouth. Dr. Coghill, I observe, writes that at Ventnor the patients of the Royal National Hospital "enjoy the benefits of exposure to open air and sunshine to, at least, as great an extent as at Continental establishments." That may be so, but we have also to reckon with the effect of mountain air and high altitudes in the case of places like Davos Platz. Every physician knows these are conditions which are of the utmost value in expediting a cure, and from what I have seen, I am persuaded that no conditions at home, and not even in sunny Ventnor itself, can perfectly replace them. This was why I advocated our carrying out what Bâle had done at Davos—namely, the erection of a hospital at Davos Platz for the reception of British patients. That scheme would require only some £50,000, and the benefits would be of untold nature. But all the same, it is open-air treatment, rest, and plenty of nourishing food—milk above all else—which are the means to be relied upon for the cure of this terrible scourge. If only, in suitable places in Britain, we could have such sanatoria constructed, on the Ventnor principle, with all convenience for the open-air treatment, I am convinced we should find a large number of recoveries where now, in our big centres, patients are left to perish. Where, again, I ask, is that philanthropic millionaire who will devote a part of his wealth to doing good in this way to his suffering fellow men and women?

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Guildford and Mrs. Sumner have celebrated their golden wedding amid many tokens of affection and esteem. Mrs. Sumner is the founder of the Mothers' Union, which has spread to all parts of the world. She has devoted the last fifteen years of her life to its guiding and upholding, and has had the warm sympathy and help of her husband.

The *Record* admits that the book *Ecclesiastes* is not by Solomon, because of the style of the Hebrew.

The University of Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A., has conferred the degree of D.D. upon Canon Benham, the genial gossipier of the *Church Times* and the biographer of Cowper and Archbishop Tait.

The parish of Brankstone in Northumberland has Flodden Field in its boundaries. The Vicar, anxious to restore his church, hit upon the ingenious idea of asking descendants of those who fought at Flodden Field to contribute to the work. Strange to say, some of the Scotch descendants fail to "see" it.

An Australian correspondent of a Church paper gives an encouraging account of the religious condition of Sydney. He mentions that St. James's Church, the oldest in the city, and hitherto one of the emptiest, is now, owing to the efforts of the Rev. W. T. Carr-Smith, coming to be filled with worshippers. Christ Church has always been full, and so has St. Philip's, the largest and handsomest of the Sydney churches. Dissent is very strong, its preachers filling the huge Centenary Hall in the city every Sunday. The Presbyterian and Congregational places of worship



Photo Russell, Southsea.

DR. GEORGE HENRY SUMNER, BISHOP SUFFRAGAN OF GUILDFORD, AND MRS. SUMNER,
WHO CELEBRATED THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING ON JULY 26.

are crowded to the doors, and so are the Roman Catholic churches. Bishop Goe and Archbishop Smith are Low Churchmen, but this correspondent, who is a High Churchman, says that the former is always spoken of with the greatest respect even by those who differ from him most; while the latter has shown that he possesses a spirit of fairness in his dealings with those who are not in agreement with his theological ideas.

The Bishop of Newcastle is rather better, and is now able on fine days to go out in a chair, and often to take a very short walk leaning on a friendly arm. He is at Buxton, and will not undertake work of any kind until the end of September.

The Vicar of St. John's, Carlton Hill, Brighton, has explained that he recently inherited a considerable sum of money, which he hopes may bring in £150 to £200 a year. He makes this explanation because he has received very little financial help this year in the difficult work of his parish, and he puts it down to the reason conveyed in a letter which a lady wrote him the other day. This worthy Churchwoman said in her letter that as it was commonly reported among the people of Brighton that he had recently come in for £80,000, he could consequently himself support all the numerous charities of the parish.

Although Hugh Price Hughes, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, has long been the best-known minister in the body, his reforming efforts excited the distrust of the Conservative party and have hitherto kept him back. As he is, however, still comparatively young, just over fifty, the most important part of his life's work may be before him.

V.



Photo Russell, Southsea.

BISHOP SUMNER'S RESIDENCE, WITH WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

By Seymour Lucas, R.A.



GOOD FOR CHINA! "WEI-HAI-WEI!!!"

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

BROOKE'S

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

MONKEY BRAND

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FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

LADIES' PAGE.

Gowns for Goodwood are always the "last cry" of the season's elegance in a double sense—the smart woman's final opportunity and the height, the full swell of the pretty ideas, set to the current harmonies of style, that have been evolved by degrees from the fertile brains that concentrate their considerable powers upon chiffons. It is a very smart meeting, that last of the season, partly



A SMART COSTUME OF CASHMERE TRIMMED WITH SATIN RIBBON.

because it is not really a large one—the distance of the course from anywhere prevents the attendance of the casual outsiders, who destroy the *tout ensemble* of so many popular fixtures—and partly because the lawns beyond the grand stand, so strictly reserved and so spacious, afford such an exceptional opportunity for showing off the gowns. Hence, if one wanted to display to an inquiring and sceptical foreigner how excellently English society, in fact, dresses, one would wisely choose to take him to Goodwood.

Muslins have been selected for so large a number of dresses this year that the innocent masculine on-looker may suppose cheap simplicity to reign. But, in point of fact, the "little muslin frock" is quite capable of holding its own in the competition of cost, as well as of shining in the front rank of stylishness and grace. A lovely Duchess wears at Goodwood a dress of hand-painted muslin of much beauty. The ground is white, the design of purple iris and leaves painted on it in strips graduated from some twelve inches wide at the lower part to half that at the waist. This is laid over a purple glacé silk, with three-inch-wide strips of Valenciennes insertion between each muslin band. There is a flounce some twelve inches deep round the skirt, painted with single irises carelessly thrown about as if they had dropped from the growing blossoms above, and this is headed with a strip of Valenciennes laid over green ribbon, a pretty break in the purple effect that is also given on the bodice by green lining to the ruffled sleeves of painted muslin, while purple is under the rest of the bodice, a clever mixture of the muslin and lace. Another "simple little gown" is of pink muslin over pink silk, painted with sprays of white clematis and tiny climbing roses, these making a robing down either side of the front, both of bodice and skirt; this "tablier" effect is beginning to be used very much again. The front has a deep flounce across it of the same painting, and above that the muslin is laid in killings, caught together here and there with dainty Louis bows constructed of rose-pink ribbon; a broad folded sash of white encircles the waist and is tied behind, and the front and neckband are of white tulle.

Mousseline-de-soie made up over a triple underskirt of itself was another pretty piece of extravagance. Nor was there to be beneath this a silk petticoat, but one of softest lawn, fitting sheath-like above the knee, but beneath that supporting its overskirts by a wilderness of flouncings and

rather stiff Duckinghamshire lace edgings and pleatings. The outer skirt was made in three deep "all-round" flounces, each painted along the edge with forget-me-nots and tiny moss-rose buds. The bodice was arranged entirely in tucks about two inches wide, each painted at the edge to correspond; it slightly overhung the waist-belt of blue satin, which at the back formed a double bow with a scarf of lace, long ends of both satin and lace falling thence to the edge of the slight train. A broad-brimmed chip hat, bent down over the forehead and trimmed with white ostrich long feathers, and a bow of chiffon in front adorned with moss-roses, held in place by a diamond brooch, completed this costume. Embroidered muslins were also freely made up for Goodwood. Very young girls only have frocks of really plain white silk muslin, and several of these were made with corselets of the same silk, of bright tint, over which the other part of the dress is laid. Another good style for these girls' muslin dresses is pinnaford fashion, with visible yoke of the silk underdress, and the muslin either supported over the shoulders by *bretelles* of lace-edged muslin, or buttoned or buckled on to the yoke with paste, enamel, or other very pretty fancy buttons.

Foulard, meeting the requirement of the moment for softness and suppleness, while not being flimsy or too youthful-looking for the more stately figures of matrons, is being used for many handsome gowns. A blue ground with green pattern has style, and you should make it up with plentiful insertion of black lace over grass-green glacé, or white lace over turquoise blue, according to the quietness or brilliancy of your tastes. A *miroir* ground is good in foulard; some dressmakers describe it as "satin-face"; by either name it has a gloss of surface that is favourable to the effect of the toilette. One such, a grey ground patterned with heliotrope, was made up with a heliotrope glacé gathered vest held into place by straps and bows of grey velvet ribbon, with tiny diamond buckles in the centre of the bows, white lace forming wide collar-like epaulettes and collar-band. Another, a cream *miroir* ground with sprays of pink coral scattered over, had a corselet bodice beneath a yoke of green silk draped over with black spotted net, and a series of flounces of the same kind, black over green, about four inches wide each, brought up to the knee in front and about as high behind, but dipping to the ground at the sides.

Black transparent fabrics over white and trimmed with white, decidedly the *clou* of this season's mode, were abundantly prepared for Goodwood—not that white must needs always be the foundation. A black grenadine divided into squares by pink lines was placed over bright blue silk; the bodice showed a little Brussels lace zouave over blue lined with pink, and a pink sash was swathed high round the waist, so high as to give an Empire effect and to meet the jabot ends of the white Brussels lace scarf. Then there was a black *barège* over lettuce-green, with embroideries of iridescent paillettes and narrow gold, black, and green cord outlining the sweep of the flounce, descending in stripes from the waist to the flounce, and generously decorating the much-draped and folded bodice. As a rule, however, a black transparent fabric was laid over shimmering white, and white revers (generally embroidered or lace-covered), white vest, and white hat gave daintiness and lightness to the "altogether." Black Chantilly lace made some of the very best dresses, by the way.

Our Illustrations might be Goodwood frocks or garden-party gowns of the smartest description. Note on the three-quarter length young lady an original sort of trimming. The gown is of cashmere or fine summer cloth, and the trimmings on the borders of the revers and on the curved design beneath, as well as on the robing of the skirt, are done in satin ribbon slightly gathered at both of its edges, with lace insertion between; the revers are further trimmed with rows of the satin ribbon. Bow and vest are white tulle. It would look well in bismit-coloured cloth with golden-brown ribbon; or in *pervenche* blue cashmere, with ribbon a slightly darker tone of the same dye. A hat of rough straw in the *cloche* shape, with satin ribbon bow and spotted wings, completes this smart costume. The other figure is a handsome garden-party gown of shot silk trimmed with wide and narrow white lace, and black satin ribbon to make the waist-belt, also those bands that are affixed with diamond buckles across the vest of white pleated chiffon. The hat is white straw, trimmed with a bow of white silk, along the edge of which black velvet baby-ribbon is run, a cluster of roses rising at the side by way of aigrette.

A whole series of meetings has been held lately in order that wealthy ladies might manifest their interest in poor working women. With the match-girls great sympathy is expressed, and a deputation has begged the Home Secretary to prohibit entirely the making of matches that strike elsewhere than on the box, as such matches are bound to contain the poisonous form of phosphorus. But the Home Secretary pointed out that this would involve throwing a great number of girls out of work; and that this was a far more serious and certain injury than the comparatively few cases of "phossy jaw," serious though the occurrence of that disease at all is, of course. It is this fact—that to be turned out of work is the *very worst* evil that can happen to one who depends on the day's labour for the day's bread—that it is so hard for rich women to comprehend. Nor do they realise how many, many trades there are of extreme danger to those who engage in them. A far more practical step than closing a trade violently has been taken by the Belgian Government. This is to offer a reward of £2000 to the inventor of a "strike anywhere" match that shall be free from poisonous phosphorus.

At another of the meetings above referred to, a more practical style of sympathy was had recourse to, for a large subscription was raised to indemnify and assist

girls turned out of their employment for giving correct information, in reply to the inspector's questions, as to breaches of the factory laws. It is obvious that this is very wrong conduct on the employers' part, but the Home Secretary has explained in the House of Commons that it is not illegal in the present state of the law; nor would it be easy to make it illegal, as it would not be possible to prove that the workwoman had been discharged for that cause. Hence, the best way to help them is that adopted at the St. James's Hall meeting, over which the Bishop of London presided. A fund was raised for the protection of such women, partly to support a committee to which they can make their complaints secretly, and partly to help them when they have got into trouble by giving evidence. Lady Bective was among the speakers, and subscriptions of several hundred pounds were announced.

Lord Aberdeen's term of office in Canada ends this autumn, and then Lady Aberdeen will return and assist in making the final arrangements for a great congress over which she is to preside next June in London. She is president of "The International Council of Women," a body composed of delegates from the "National Councils" that have been organised in several countries. The "National Councils," in their turn, are composed of delegates from all the women's societies of the nation—whether benevolent, religious, social, political, or anything else. They are in no way committed to each other's programme, but simply gather periodically to inform each other as to their respective ideas and works. In like manner the International Council is to enable the women of the wide world to "keep track" of the doings of those of every nation.

"The Executive Committee of the International Council" has been sitting in London at the Women's Institute for making the preliminary arrangements; and Mrs. May Wright Sewall, a very brilliant and charming American woman, who is the Vice-President, has come over to take the chair at the committee. Curiously enough, the English "National Council," up to the present, is composed almost entirely of the more Conservative section of womanhood, Mrs. Creighton, the wife of the Bishop of London, being the leading spirit. This is due to the fact that, at Lady Aberdeen's suggestion, the "National Union of Women Workers," which was the

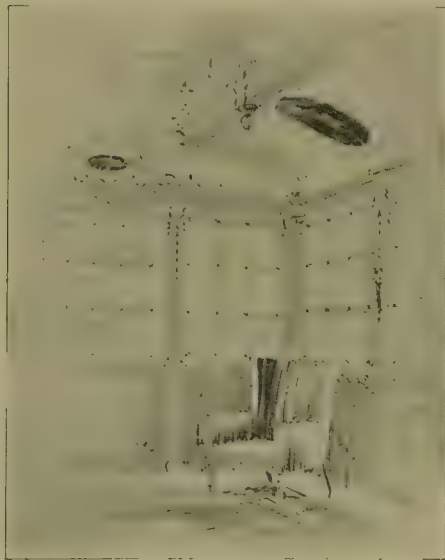


A HANDSOME GARDEN-PARTY GOWN OF SHOT SILK.

child, so to speak, of a party of Bishops' wives, was asked to organise the "British National Council of Women." The idea, I believe, was that if the Radical women's societies or poor women's associations were the first movers in organising this "National Council," the others would not join them. It was not suspected that the reverse might be the case, and that Radical women's and working women's associations would stand aloof from what they consider a Church organisation! Lady Aberdeen, however, will doubtless overcome this obstacle to the success of next year's congress when she returns to this country. FLORENA.

THE PARIS BIG WHEEL: SPECIAL DECORATIONS.

Peace has her "forced marches" as well as war. An illustration has lately been afforded in connection with the erection of the Great Wheel in Paris—a Great Wheel, by-the-by, which is going to eclipse all other great wheels in



INTERIOR OF THEATRE.

size, in the altitude of its axle, and in the luxuriousness and artistic character of its appointments. The directors' scheme includes a theatre and a restaurant on the ground, and restaurant and drawing-room cars on the Wheel itself. These are features that necessarily require something more than the interiors. There were plenty of decorators willing to undertake the work, but on the afternoon before the matter had to be decided nothing had been submitted to the board which seemed likely to have satisfactory results. At this critical moment the head of the contracts department of Messrs. Waring, the well-known firm of decorators, saw the leading men connected with the Wheel in Paris, and obtained their authority to submit designs and estimates. It was then five o'clock, and the designs had to be furnished in London by eleven o'clock the next morning. Here was a case in which a "forced march" was necessary. The representative of

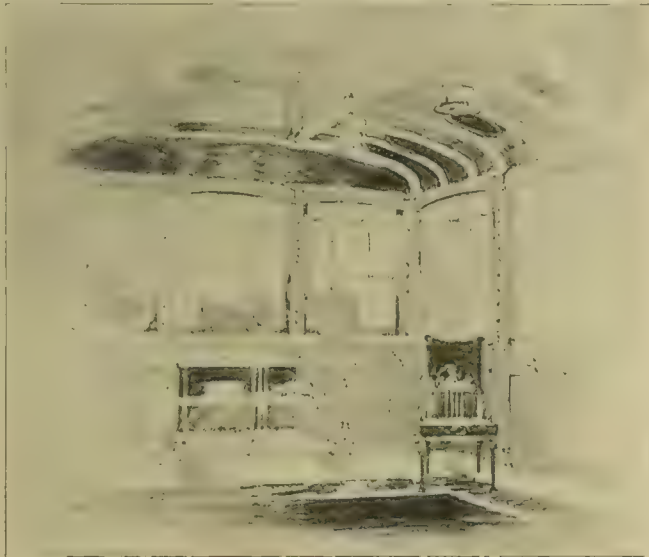
Waring's telegraphed to Oxford Street to the art director to keep a staff of artists all night, adding that he would arrive at midnight with the architect's plans. It will suffice to say that when the directors of the Great Wheel met at eleven o'clock the next morning there were submitted to them four finished perspective drawings of the suggested schemes of decoration, together with estimates of the cost. The result was so satisfactory that they were enabled to place the order with Messrs. Waring there and then, the contract stipulating that the whole of the work was to be finished within a period of six weeks.

The restaurant on the ground is apsidal in plan, with an arcade or ambulatory of columns. The style of decoration, which has been judiciously chosen, is free English Renaissance of the Charles II. period, the colouring being in a note of dominant green. The arcading, polygonal in plan, is formed by a series of square pilasters supporting semicircular arches, with decorated relief in the spandrels. The ceiling, which is supported with a very large cove panelled with relief ornaments, is divided by ribs, the panels being open work in metal, the openings affording the necessary ventilation. Everyone familiar with Paris life will appreciate the fact that the restaurant gets its daylight from French windows, which open on to a terrace. In the decoration of the theatre the style chosen is of a rather more severely classical type. Wide, richly decorated pilasters ornament the sides of the proscenium. The walls are panelled in silk, with a richly modelled moulding. In this case also the flat roof is sustained by a large cove with decorated ribs, and a similar effect is obtained to that of the ceiling in the restaurant. The dominant note of colour in this room is a rich blue, accentuated with white stiles and margins, but the vividness of the contrast is modified by a sparing use of golden bronze, producing a very elegant and harmonious impression on the eye. This theatre contains 520 turn-up seats, upholstered to agree with the general plan. The decorated cars, of which we give a sketch, are fairly spacious apartments, measuring 30 ft. by 12 ft. The drawing-room cars, five in number, are designed in the Adams style.

Each car is decorated in a different scheme of colour, these being respectively eau-du-nil, rose-du-barri, wedgo-

wood blue, heliotrope foncé, and vert-du-printemps. The same tones, but rather more subdued in character, are adopted in the five restaurant-cars, the style of which is a free adaptation of the François Premier, the chairs and fittings being *en suite*. The cars are sufficiently spacious to make good dining-rooms, each holding four tables, as well as smoking-lounges and a service buffet. It is proposed to dispense with cooking on the cars, each course being prepared in the kitchen connected with the ground restaurant, and handed into the dining-cars as they stop, in the course of the revolution of the Wheel, at the half-way platforms.

It is expected that the Wheel will be in complete working order and opened on Aug. 15. The experiment which the directors have made in supplying restaurant



INTERIOR OF A DINING CAR.

facilities and other attractions, beautifully decorated and furnished, ought to enhance the popularity of the enterprise. Messrs. Waring's work is of the highest quality, as might be imagined from the reputation of the firm; and it is expected their beautifully decorated interiors will add greatly to the attractiveness of the Wheel.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will dated Jan. 17, 1893, of Mr. Samuel Smith, J.L., of The Grange, Clapham, Birkenhead, who died on May 31, was proved on July 18 by Samuel Stitt, the son, John William Davidson, Augustus Frederick Ware, John James Evans, and John Roxburgh, the executors, the value of the estate being £172,793. The testator gave £250, £200 and £100 to his widow and an annuity of £200 to each of his three daughters, viz. Mrs. Ellen Louisa Smith, £200 to Margaret and Ada Thompson, an annuity of £100 to William H. Mitchell, £210 to Alexander Armour; £500 to Mrs. Katharine Cockburn; £5000 each to his grandsons Cecil Stewart Hartley and James Blenkinsop Hartley; £30,000, upon trust, for his granddaughter, Catherine James Craig, and legacies to relatives and servants. He also bequeaths his Academy picture, "Pass of the Cataraugus," by Smart, to the Mayor and Aldermen of Liverpool, to be hung in the Walker Gallery. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety, upon trust, for his son Samuel, and the other moiety, upon trust, for his daughter Cecilia Stewart Hartley.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1897), with three codicils dated Feb. 23 and March 9 and 16, 1898, of Mr. Henry Stanforth Patteson, D.L., J.P., of Cringleford, near Norwich, and of Messrs. Steward, Patteson, and Co., the Parkthorpe Brewery, Norwich, who died on April 7, was proved on June 28 at the Norwich District Registry by Mrs. Isabella Katharine Patteson, the widow, Henry Tyrwhitt Stanforth Patteson, the son, and George Henry Morse, the executors, the value of the estate being £111,515. The testator gives £500, and, during her life or widowhood, the use of Cringleford House, with the furniture and effects therein, and such a sum as, with the



THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN.

On July 13 the Automobile Club of Great Britain held a meeting and garden-party at Strawberry Hill Mansion, the residence of Mr. Herbert de Stern. A large and distinguished company assembled, including the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. The hon. treasurer, Mr. Frank H. Butler, and the hon. sec., Mr. Howatson, rode a Benz car, while Mr. Claude Johnson (sec.) rode a Daimler. About ten other cars were on the ground. The weather was exquisite.

income of the funds of her marriage settlement, will make up £2000 per annum (in the event of her remarriage, to be reduced to £1000 per annum) to his wife; £3000 to his son; £100 each to his daughter-in-law, Annie Rosa Patteson, his son-in-law, Ernest Balfour Trotter, and his brother, the Rev. John Patteson; £300 each to his executors, except his wife; specific gifts of plate and furniture to his children; and small legacies to relatives and persons in his employ. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his four children, Henry Tyrwhitt Stanforth Patteson, Mrs. Katharine Isabella Trotter, Marion Frances Patteson, and Margaret Louisa Patteson.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1897), with a codicil dated July 31, 1897, of Mr. Frederick Meadows White, Q.C., of 42, Sussex Gardens, for many years Recorder of Canterbury and Judge of the Clerkenwell County Court, who died on May 21, was proved on July 12 by Robert Holmes White,

who died on May 13, has been proved by Mrs. Mary Warren, the widow, and George Ernest Warren, the son, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £12,939. The testator gives his furniture, pictures, etc., but not plate, to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then between all his children.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1896), with a codicil (dated Dec. 16, 1897), of the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart., P.C., of Killerton, Devon, and Holmrode, Somerset, who died on May 29, was proved at the Exeter District Registry on July 5 by Sir Charles Thomas Dyke Acland, the son, and the Rev. Richard Hart Hart-Davis and Frederick Henry Anson, the sons-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £74,141. The testator gives £15,000 and an annuity of £1000 to his son Arthur Herbert Dyke Acland; £10,000 each, upon trust, to the respective trustees of the marriage settlements of his daughters Mrs. Mary

the brother, and Judge Lumley Smith, Q.C., the executors, the value of the estate being £25,116. The testator gives £1000 and household effects, jewels, and manuscript music and copyrights of his deceased wife to his two daughters, Mrs. Alice Ida Kempe and Alice Hilda Meadows White, but Mrs. Kempe is to bring into account funds to the amount of £18,300 settled on her on her marriage. £100 each to the two daughters of Judge Lumley Smith; £100 each to his executors; £100 per annum to his unmarried sisters, and £500 each to his ten nieces, to be made up to £1000 each if his estate should prove sufficient. The ultimate residue of his property he leaves to his two daughters.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1882), of Mr. George Katz Warren, of Market Harborough, Leicester,

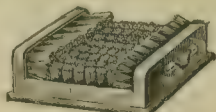
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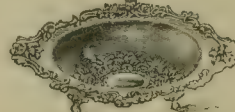
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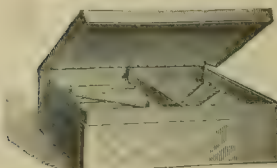
Solid Silver Bon-Bon Dish, on Four Feet, with Chased Centre and Border, £1 15s.



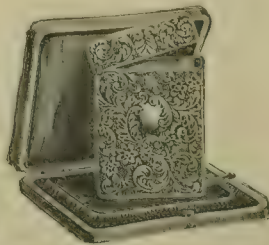
Solid Silver Match-Stand and Ash-Tray Combination, £1 2s. 6d.

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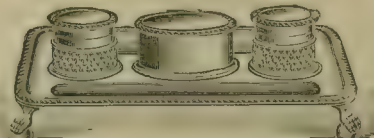
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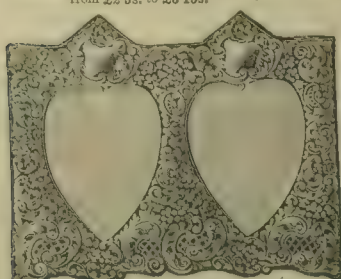
Solid Silver Inkstand, with Two Bottles and Wafer-Box, length 8 in., £5 10s.



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Richly Pierced Solid Silver Cake-Basket, £9 10s.



New Design. Solid Silver Bottle-Chased and Pierced Double-Chamber Frame, £1 18s.



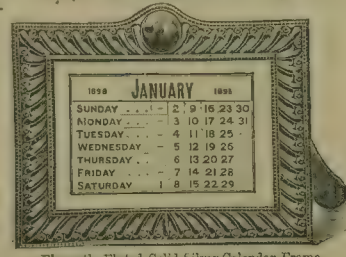
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Lady's Gold Keyless Watch, perfect for Time, Beauty, and Workmanship. Ditto in Silver, £3.



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Sole Proprietors: GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS.

Lydia Hart-Davis and Mrs. Agnes Henrietta Anson; conditional annuities to his two daughters for the education of their children: £1000 each to his brothers Sir Henry Wentworth Dyke Acland, the Rev. Peter Leopold Dyke Acland, and John Barton Acland; £500 to his niece Frances Lydia Dyke Here; certain jewels to his daughters, and annuities to servants. All the above legacies and annuities are to be paid out of the Bray estates, Devon. He appoints the funds of his marriage settlement to his son Arthur, and his daughters Mrs. Hart-Davis and Mrs. Anson. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, and he settles on him all his real property.

The will (dated Sept. 27, 1887) of Mr. Samuel Edward Morbey, of Darenth House, 150, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill, who died on March 29, has been proved by Mrs. Sophia Morbey, the widow, Henry Thomas Burgess and Henry John Sheldon, the executors, the value of the estate being £38,883. The testator gives £500 each to his nephews, Henry Owen Pinchin and Charles Morbey Pinchin, his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Tutty, and Henry John Sheldon; £250 each to his sister-in-law, Mary Anne Sheldon, his nieces, Elizabeth Pinchin, Amelia Pinchin, Ada Mary Pinchin, Jessie Clara Spence, and Florence Mary Pinchin, and the children of his brother, John Nash Morbey; £200 to Henry Thomas Burgess; £4000, upon trust, for his sister for life, and then to his nieces, Elizabeth, Amelia, Ada Mary, and Florence Mary Pinchin, and Jessie Clara Spence; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated July 31, 1895) of Mr. George Frederick Cooke, of Mulbarton Lodge, near Norwich, who died on May 27, was proved on July 12 by Frederick William Cooke, the son, and Alfred Jones, the executors, the value of the estate being £20,063. The testator gives £500, his premises called The Pounds, and the service of plate presented to him on his retirement from the office of Registrar of the Norwich County Court, to his son Frederick William Cooke; £100 each to his nieces, Matilda Turner Payne and Marion Patison, and Alfred Jonas, and specific gifts to children. The residue of his property he leaves between his three children,



THE TWIN-SCREW STEAM-SHIP "DUKE OF CORNWALL."

The mail service between Fleetwood and Belfast has received a splendid auxiliary in the above steamer, built for the Lancashire and Yorkshire and London and North-Western Railways' Mail Service between Fleetwood and Belfast. The *Duke of Cornwall* has many new conveniences—notably, a system of ventilation by suction-pipes and electric fans. To ensure safety she always uses a search-light outside harbour on dark nights, and her boats can be lowered automatically from novel davits in twenty seconds. Her commander is the captain's Commodore, Captain Cook; her designer, Captain Jackson, I.N.A.; her builders, Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxin, Barrow-in-Furness.

Robert Francis Edward Cooke, Mary Ann Edith, the wife of Sir Charles Harvey, Bart., and Janette Elizabeth Cooke.

The will (dated June 2, 1877) of the Right Rev. Bishop Edward Twells, D.D., of Pembroke Gate, Clifton, Bristol, was proved in the Bristol Registry on June 10 by the Rev. Henry Twells, the brother and surviving executor, the value of the estate being £25,478. The testator bequeaths £200 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £100 each to the Rev. Henry Twells Mogridge, Frederic Merriott, Dudley Male, John M. Walton, Florence Mogridge, and Alban H. Mogridge; and his furniture to his sister Isabella. The residue of his property he leaves between his brother Henry and his sister Isabella.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1893) of the Right Hon. Lyon Baron Playfair of St. Andrews, G.C.B., of 68, Onslow Gardens, South Kensington, who died on May 29, was proved on July 21 by Edith, Lady Playfair, the widow, and

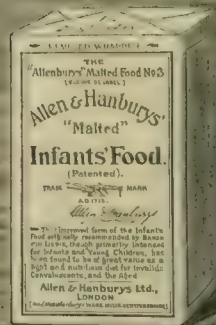
to a few small legacies, the testatrix leaves her property to her said son and her daughter, Mrs. Grace Louisa Thompson.

The will of Major the Hon. Charles Cavendish Winn, of Nostell Priory, Yorkshire, who died at Umballa on Jan. 25, was proved on July 12 by the Hon. George William Phipps Winn, the brother, the gross value of the estate being £9344, and the net personal £1053.

The will of Mr. George Frederick Marwood, J.P., of Busby Hall, Yorkshire, who died on May 23, was proved on July 11 by William Francis Marwood, the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate being £3731.

The will of Major-General Sir William George Davies, K.C.S.I., of the Old Rectory, Carshalton, Surrey, who died on June 12, was proved on July 18 by Dame Elizabeth Bethe Davies, the widow, Herbert Burnell Rendall, the nephew, and Edward Maule Lawson-Smith, the executors, the value of the estate being £2196 16s. 9d.

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Allen & Hanburys' Food.

"It is excellent in quality and flavour."
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"Very digestible, nutritious and palatable."
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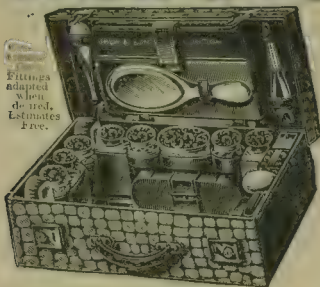
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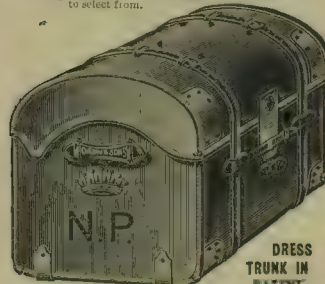
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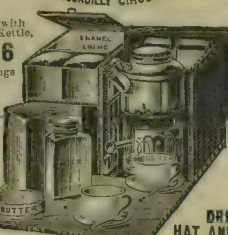
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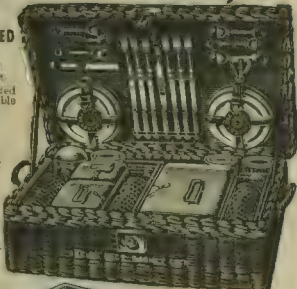
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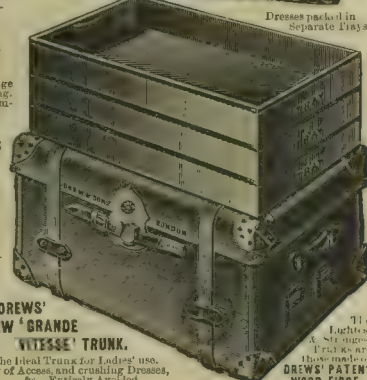


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The Ideal Trunk for Ladies' use.
Easy of Access, and crushing Dresses,
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"Quality and price being
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Australian Brandy

The LANCET says:—"It is sound
and honest, and of a fragrance,
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HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL
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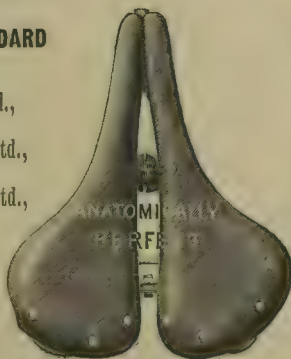
The examination for admission will take place on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Oct. 5, 6, and 7, from 9 to 12 o'clock. Personal application for this examination must be made in the Bureau of the Conservatorium, on Tuesday, Oct. 4. The Course of Instruction includes the following Subjects and Instruments: Harmony, Composition, Piano-forte, Organ, Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Doublebass, Flute, Oboe, French Horn, Clarinet, Bassoon, Horn, Cornet, Trombone, Solo, Ensemble, Quartet and Orchestra Playing, and Reading from Score; Solo Singing. Thorough Training for Opera and Chorus Singing, with opportunities of public performance, the History and Aesthetics of Music, Italian Language, Declamation and Dramatic Instruction. The Instructors are: Kapellmeister Professor Dr. Carl Reinecke, Artistic Director; Professor F. Hermann; Professor Dr. H. Papperitz, Organist in the Church of St. Nicholas; Dr. F. Weider; Music-director Professor Dr. S. Jadassohn; L. Grill; F. Rebling; J. Weidenbach; C. Pinetti, Organist in the Church of St. Thomas; H. Klesse; A. Reckendorf; J. Knebel; R. Bolland; O. Schwabe; W. Barger; F. Gumpert; F. Weinschenk; H. Müller; P. Quedsdorf; Director of the Orchestra, H. Sitt; Court-Pianist, C. Wendling; T. Gentsch; P. Hoyer; Organist to the Gewandhaus Concerts; H. Becker; A. Rulhardt; Cantor and Music-director at the College of St. Thomas, Professor G. Schreck; C. Beying; F. Freitag; Music-director G. Fwald; A. Proff, Stage-Manager at the City Theatre; Concert-master A. Hilt; K. Tamm; R. Teichmüller; W. Knudson; F. von Bose; Dr. Merkel. Prospectuses in German, English, and French, sent gratis on application.

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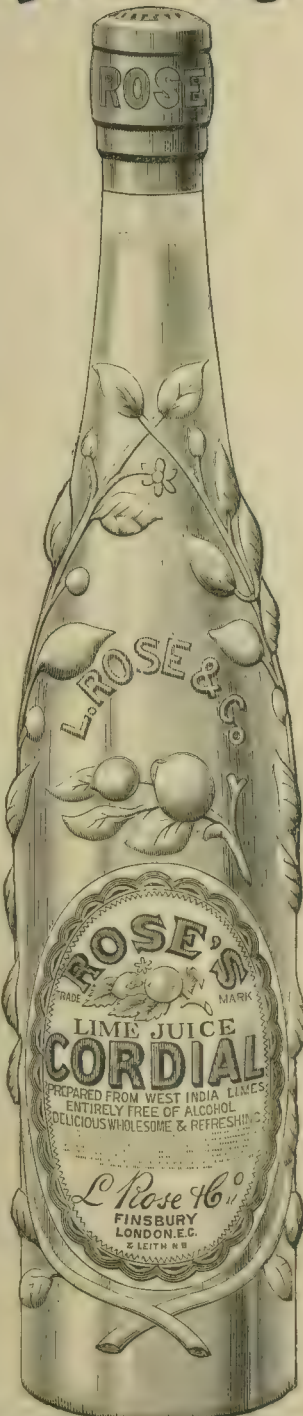
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LIME JUICE
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Purchasers are particularly requested to
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'FINEST LIMES IN THE WORLD.'

BANK HOLIDAY RAILWAY FACILITIES.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY, from their offices at the West-End offices, and this arrangement is in force from July 1 to 31, 1893, the week preceding the Bank Holiday. To meet the expected additional traffic by the ordinary trains on Saturday, July 30, the company will run in duplicate the 11.45 a.m. and 1.15 p.m. trains to the West-End of London, the 4.15 and 6.50 p.m. trains to the North, and the 12 noon train to South Wales. Bank excursion trains leave Paddington every Wednesday for Swindon, Stroud, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Hereford, Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, Minehead, Shrewsbury, Hereford, Aberystwyth, Dolgellau, Barmouth, Llandudno, etc. Passengers are also booked every Saturday to Guernsey and Jersey, via Weymouth. There is now a daily daylight service from Weymouth to Guernsey and Jersey in addition to the night boats.

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—The availability of the special cheap week-end tickets issued by ordinary trains to the seaside on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, July 29, 30, and 31, will be extended to Wednesday, Aug. 1. On Saturday, July 30, special cheap tickets, to fifteen, or seventeen days' return tickets will be issued from London to the seaside. Special Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday to Wednesday tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton. On Saturday, July 30, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, by the picturesque route through the charming scenery of Normandy to the terminus near the Madeleine, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service, and also by the night express service, on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, July 29 to Aug. 1, inclusive. On Bank Holiday, Monday, Aug. 1, day trips at special excursion fares will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Newhaven, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices will remain open until ten p.m. on the evening of July 30 for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts.

NEW ARDENNE TOUR.—With the completion of a new line of railway connecting Dinant and the Meuse Valley with Rochefort and the main line to Luxembourg, the Great Eastern Railway Company are now enabled to issue via Harwich-Antwerp cheap circular tickets, including Brussels,

Namur, Dinant and the Meuse, and thence up the Leaso Valley by the new railway to Rochefort. The cost of the Circular Ticket from London and back now is first class and 1st 3d second class, and 1st 3d and 2nd class. For the convenience of passengers travelling through to Spa via Harwich-Antwerp, the Great Eastern Railway have arranged for a through carriage from Antwerp to Verviers.

THE SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY announce cheap day excursions on Saturday, July 31, and Bank Holiday, to Tunbridge Wells, Heston, Ramsgate, Margate, and other principal stations, from Charing Cross, Waterloo, Cannon Street, London Bridge, and New Cross. Cheap tickets to Aldershot will be issued by certain trains on Bank Holiday from London stations, but not from New Cross. The Continental excursions are as follows: An excursion to Boulogne, leaving Charing Cross at 2.45 p.m., on Saturday, July 30, calling at Cannon Street and London Bridge; returning at 4.30 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Cheap tickets to Boulogne will also be issued on July 29, 30, and 31, leaving Charing Cross at 10 a.m. and 2.45 p.m., and Cannon Street at 2.34 p.m.; tickets will be available until 12.30 a.m. service from Boulogne on Aug. 4. On Bank Holiday a cheap day excursion to Boulogne will leave Charing Cross at 10 a.m.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY announce that on Friday, July 29, cheap excursions (for four, ten, and sixteen days) will leave Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S.E.), Victoria (L.C. and D.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), etc., for Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland. Passengers holding four days' tickets return on Tuesday, Aug. 2, ten days' tickets on Monday, Aug. 8, and sixteen days' tickets on any day up to and including Saturday, Aug. 13. On Saturday, July 30, cheap fast excursions (for three and six days) will also leave Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S.E.), Victoria (L.C. and D.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), etc., for Cambridge, Scarborough, Hartlepool, Durham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Shields, Sunderland, and other principal stations in the Lancashire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-West Midlands, also (for one, three, or four days) to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe, from Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), etc.

LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.—Cover week, Aug. 1 to 6, will see running an excellent service to the Isle of Wight by four trains. Via Southampton, a new express will leave Waterloo at 11.15 a.m., reaching Cowes at 2.50. On the Lynton route there will be six convenient trains daily, the express leaving at 12.30. On the Portsmouth route to Ventnor ten trains will run daily, including two fast, at 12.10 and 3.40 p.m. On the Stokes Bay route, so convenient for families proceeding to summer resorts, five trains will run.

IRELAND AS A TOURING GROUND is every season becoming more appreciated, and those who wish to know exactly how to obtain the greatest benefit from such a trip will welcome the Irish Railway Companies' descriptive guide-book, "Tour Ireland," which gives in handy form all the particulars of what to see and how to see it. Not only is the account of the increased travelling facilities complete, but there is ample information regarding accommodation and so forth. The picturesque side of the question is not forgotten. Altogether, those who would follow the advice of the title will find "Tour Ireland" a pleasant companion in their pilgrimages to one or all of the places described, be it Waterford, Kilkenny, Lough Linn, or the hundred and one other favoured spots of the Emerald Isle. The Guide may be obtained from George Turnham, 2, Charing Cross.

THE NORTH LONDON RAILWAY will on Bank Holiday run trains every few minutes to and from Shoreditch, and every fifteen minutes to and from Chalk Farm for Zoological Gardens. Every half hour trains will run to and from Kew Bridge for Kew Gardens. Earl's Court, and West Kensington to the Exhibition, and every hour to and from Richmond. Cheap through tickets will be issued to Staines, Windsor, Maidenhead, Henley, and neighbouring stations; also to Southend.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY will run cheap excursion trains from London on Friday night, July 29, to Stirling, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, etc., for four or ten days, and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Ayr, etc., for four and ten days, by which trains third-class return tickets will be issued at a single fare for the double journey, available for sixteen days. Cheap excursion tickets will be issued from London (St. Pancras) to Dublin, Belfast, Londonderry, etc., and excursion tour tickets to the North of Ireland on Friday, July 29.

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SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

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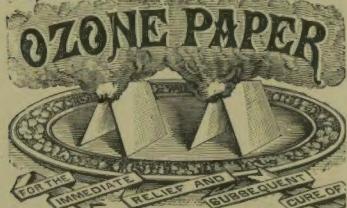
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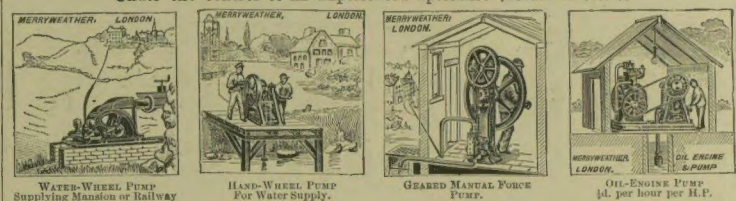
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ART NOTES.

The waning of the season is nowhere more strongly marked than in the art world, for few gallery managers are bold enough to accept the truism that "there are always more people in London than in the country." Messrs. Christie's sale-rooms, which for the last week or two have been crowded with good things, will soon be closed, and purchasers must go elsewhere to empty their purses and to exercise their taste. The Fine Art Society closes its brilliant season with an exhibition, which should, under ordinary circumstances, attract a good many connoisseurs. The workers in stipple and mezzotint of the last century had the knack of producing very pretty results, and the habit of slightly colouring their engravings was at least a step towards the art of painting in water-colours, which marked the close of the eighteenth century. Bartolozzi, Cipriani, Simon, and Condé were among the most successful in this line, but Angelica Kaufmann,

Cosway, and others did not altogether disdain it. For the most part, they contented themselves with reproducing their own or other artists' works, and were in this way certain of establishing rights which it seems very difficult now to sustain by legal process. The exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery gives a very fair idea of the results achieved, and at the same time furnishes an interesting link in the chain which connected English and Continental *bonjour* art.

"Religious pictures," by which is conventionally meant pictures having subjects taken from sacred history or legend, have been more than usually prominent this season. M. Paul Philippoteaux's "Christ Entering Jerusalem" comes, therefore, as a sort of aftermath—for which we ought to be grateful, even should it fail to possess the fuller qualities of the products of the early year. M. Paul Philippoteaux must not be confounded with his older namesake, the painter of military episodes, whose work holds a prominent place in the Luxembourg

Gallery, but he has nevertheless obtained a reputation, although hitherto not in the line in which he now bids for fame. It is difficult to say to what school of modern painting M. Philippoteaux attaches himself, for he depicts the scene of Christ's entry into Jerusalem neither as a realist of the school of Mankacsy or Uhde, nor as an idealist like Dagnan-Bouveret, nor as a symbolist like Gustave Moreau. Frankly speaking, M. Philippoteaux treats the subject in the artificial scene-painting style which at one period enjoyed a certain vogue. There is no appeal to the imagination or to the religious sentiment in the carefully arranged group of men, women, and children who precede or follow the Christ, seated upon the lowly beast. The only group of any special interest is that of three men, presumably a Scribe, a Pharisee, and a Chief Priest, with their broad phylacteries and flowing robes; but even here the scenic effect has been too obviously kept in view, and one feels that over the whole scholarly work broods the dispiriting influence of a "Prix de Rome."

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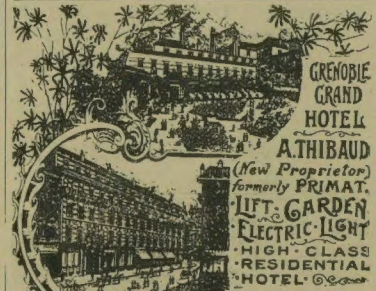
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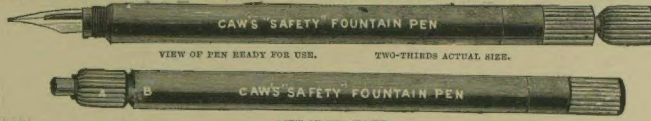
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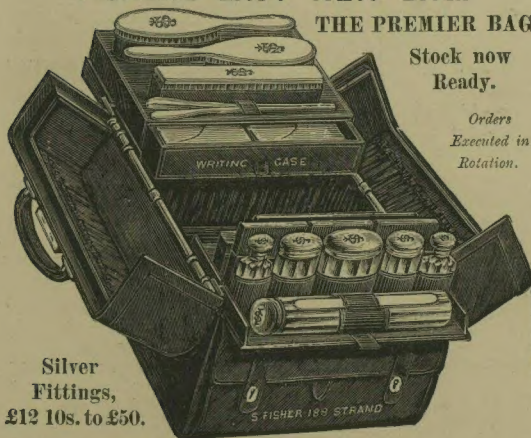
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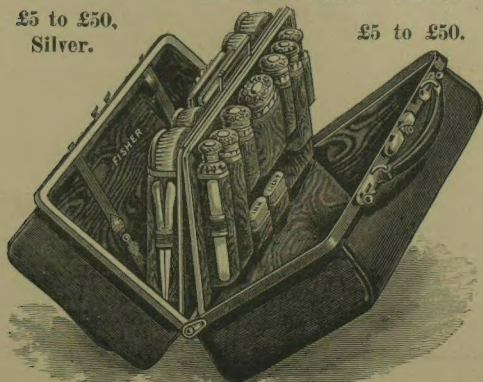


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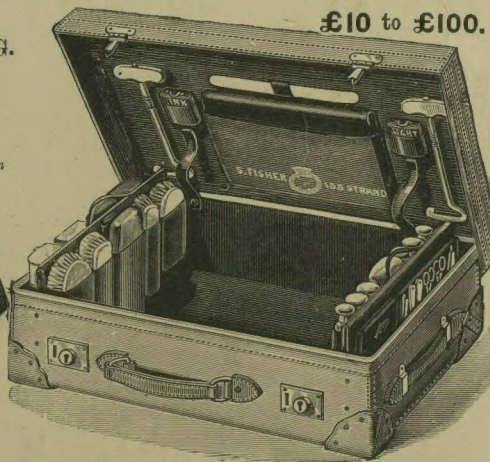
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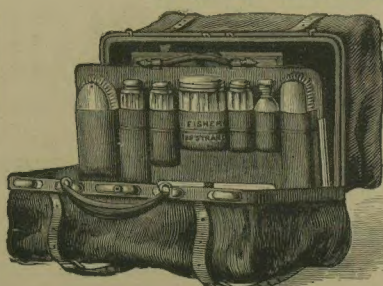


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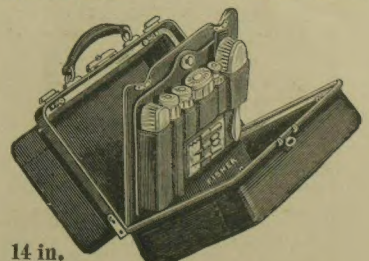
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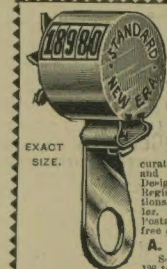
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